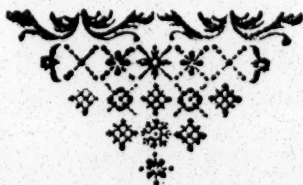


MARY MAGDALEN'S .

FUNERAL

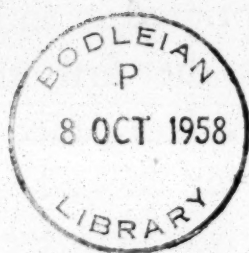
T E A R S.



L O N D O N.

Printed for J. Brown, in Holiday-Yard, Creed-Lane,
Ludgate-Street.

M. DCC. LXX.



To the Reader.

THE following piece was published in queen Elizabeth's reign, and undoubtedly well received, as we are informed by a copy printed in the reign of king James the first, that many editions of it had passed the press. As the editor looked upon this work to be much more valuable in it's native dress, than in any ornaments he could bestow upon it, he has made no alterations, more than what was barely necessary to divest it of some little uncouthness in the language, and to make the reading easy. — The pious Christian will find many beauties

ii TO THE READER.

beauties in it, and even the greatest writer, matter worthy of imitation. The author seems to have been thoroughly acquainted with nature, and the various passions which rend the heart when deprived of those objects that are most dear to us; his thoughts, and sentiments, are delicate, as well as natural, and so extremely pretty, that whilst they are enjoyed, we partake of that divine love and sorrow felt by MARY in the absence of her heavenly master; and therefore, (as they strike at no particular religion) they cannot fail of meeting with a favourable reception from all who have a sense of piety, and a lively faith in Christ. —

An

An eager zeal in the editor for presenting the public with this long lost treasure, has occasioned the work to be printed in haste, the consequences whereof are a few errors of the press, which he hopes the reader's good sense, and a due attention to the errata page, will faithfully amend.

J. BROWN.

E R R A T A.

Page 39. line 11. for *unfortunate* read *fortunate*: p. 45. l. 5. for *after* read *offer*: p. 48. l. 4. for *were ignorant* read *were not ignorant*: *ibid* l. 12. for *were to shew* read *were ashamed to shew*: p. 55. l. 21. for *of their master's* read *of thy master's*: p. 56. l. 19. for *should have* read *should never have*: p. 59. l. 4. for *Would eyes* read *Would our eyes*: p. 62. l. 18. for *all their powers* read *all thy powers*: p. 66. l. 1. for *salues of* read *not salves of*: p. 111. l. 1. for *these* read *thee*: p. 113. l. 7. for *or* read *of*: p. 130. l. 4. for *the life of her soul* read *the life of her body, unless she have notice of thee that art the life of her soul*: p. 136. l. 13. for *miseries* read *mercies*.



MARY . MAGDALEN'S

FUNERAL TEARS.

*te: p.
ere ig-
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1. for
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for all
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ese read
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be have
136. l.*

AMONGST other mournful
accidents of the passion of
CHRIST, that love presenteth
itself unto my memory, with which
the blessed **MARY MAGDALEN**, loving
our **LORD** more than herself, followed
him in his journey to his death, attend-
ing upon him when his disciples fled,
and being more willing to die with him,
than they to live without him. But not
finding the favour to accompany him in
death, and loathing after him to remain
in life, the fire of her true affection in-
flamed

flamed her heart, and her inflamed heart dissolved into incessant tears; so that, burning and bathing between love and grief, she led a life ever dying, and felt a death never ending. And when he, by whom she lived, was dead, and she, for whom he died, enforcedly left alive, she praised the dead more than the living: and, having lost that light of her life, she desired to dwell in darkness, and in the shadow of death, choosing CHRIST's tomb for her best home, and his corpse for her chief comfort. For MARY (as the Evangelist saith) "stood without at the tomb weeping."

But, alas! how unfortunate is this woman, to whom neither life will afford a desired farewell, nor death allow any wished welcome. She hath abandoned the living, and chosen the company

company of the dead; and now it seemeth that even the dead have forsaken her, since the coarſe ſhe ſeeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cauſe, that love induced her to ſtand, and ſorrow enforced her to weep. Her eye was watchful to ſeek whom her heart moſt longed to enjoy, and her foot in readineſs to run, if her eye ſhould chance to eſpy him; and therefore, ſhe ſtandeth to be ſtill ſtirring, preſſed to watch every way and prepared to go whither any hope ſhould call her. But ſhe wept becauſe ſhe had ſuch occaſion of ſtanding: and that which moved her to watch was the motive of her tears. For, as ſhe watched to find whom ſhe had loſt, ſo ſhe wept for having loſt whom ſhe loved; her poor eyes being troubled at once with two contrary offices, both to be clear in ſight, the better to ſeek him, and yet

cloudy with tears for missing the sight of him.

Yet, this was not the entrance, but the increase of her grief; not the beginning, but the renewing of her moan : for first, she mourned for the departing of his soul out of his body; and now she lamented the taking of his body out of the grave: being punished with two wrecks of her only welfare, both full of misery, but the last without all comfort. The first original of her sorrow grew, because she could not enjoy him alive; yet this sorrow had some solace, for that she hoped to have enjoyed him dead.

But when she considered that his life was already lost, and now not so much as his body could be found, she was almost daunted into despair, since
this

this unhappiness admitted no relief. She doubted lest the love of her master (the only portion that her hard fortune had left her) would soon languish in her cold breast, if it neither had his words to kindle it, his presence to cherish it, or so much as his dead ashes to rake up. She had prepared her spices, and provided her ointments, to pay him the last tribute of external duties: and though JOSEPH and NICODEMUS had already bestowed an hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes, which was in quantity sufficient, in quality of the best, and as well applied as art and devotion could devise; yet such was her love, that she would have thought any quantity too little, except her's had been added; the best in quality too mean, except her's were with it; and no diligence in applying it enough, except her service were in it: not that

she was sharp in censuring that which others had done, but because love made her so desirous to do all herself; that though all had been done that she could devise, and as well as she could wish, yet unless she were an actor it would not suffice, since love is as eager to be uttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore, now meaning to embalm his corps, as she had before anointed his feet, and to preserve the reliques of his body, as the only remnant of all her bliss. And as in the spring of her felicity she had washed his feet with her tears, bewailing unto him the death of her own soul; so now she came in the depth of her misery, to shed them afresh for the death of his body. But when she saw the grave open, and the body taken out, the labour of embalming was prevented, but the cause of her weeping increased;

increased; and he that was wanting to her obsequies, was not wanting to her tears; and though she found not whom to anoint, yet found she whom to lament.

And not without cause did MARY complain; finding her first anguish doubled with a second grief, and being furcharged with two most violent sorrows in one afflicted heart. For having settled her whole affection upon CHRIST, and summed all her desires and wishes into the love of his goodness, as nothing could equal his worth; so was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefit for her to enjoy than himself, or any greater damage possible than his loss.

The murdering in his own death the life of all lives, left a general death in
all

all living creatures; and his decease not only disrobed our nature of her most royal ornaments, but impoverished the world of all highest perfections. What marvel therefore at her vehement love to so lovely a lord, even after the wreck of his life, now also deprived of his dead body, felt as bitter pangs for his loss, as before it tasted joys in his presence, and opened as large an issue to tears of sorrow, as ever heretofore to tears of contentment? And though tears were rather oil than water to her flame, apter to nourish than to diminish her grief; yet now being plunged into the depth of pain, she yielded herself a captive to all discomfort, carrying an overthrown mind in a more enfeebled body, and still busy in devising, but ever doubtful in defining what she might best do. For what could a silly woman do but weep; who, floating in a
sea

sea of cares, found neither ear to hear her, tongue to direct her, hand to help her, or heart to pity her in her desolate case? True it is, that PETER and JOHN came with her to the tomb, and to make trial of her report, went both within it; but as they were speedy in coming, and diligent in searching, so werethey as quick to depart, and fearful of farther seeking. And, alas! what gained she by their coming, but two witnesses of her loss, two dismayers of her hopes, and two patterns of a new despair? Love moved them to come, but their love was soon conquered with such fear, that it suffered them not to stay. But MARY, hoping in despair, and persevering in hope, stood without fear, because she now thought nothing left that ought to be feared; for she hath lost her master, to whom she was so entirely devoted; that he was the total

tal of her loves, the height of her hopes, and the uttermost of her fears; and therefore besides him she could neither love other creature, hope for other comfort, or fear other loss. The worst she could fear, was the death of her body, and that she rather desired than feared, since she had already lost the life of her soul, without which any other life would be a death, and with which any other death would have been a delight. But now she thought it better to die than to live, because she might, happily dying, find whom, not dying, she looked not to enjoy, and not enjoying, she had little will to live. For now she loved nothing in her life, but her love to CHRIST; and if any thing did make her willing to live, it was only the unwillingness that his image should die with her, whose likeness love had limited in her heart, and
treasured

treasured up in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to break the table, and to burst open the closet, to which she had intrusted this last relique of her lost happiness; the violence of grief would have melted her heart into inward bleeding tears, and blotted her remembrance with a fatal oblivion. And yet nevertheless, she is in so imperfect a sort alive, that it is proved true in her, that love is as strong as death. For what could death have done more in MARY than love did? Her wits were astonished, and all her senses so amazed, that in the end finding she did not know, seeing she could not discern, hearing she perceived not; and more than all this, she was not there where she was, for she was wholly where her master was, more where she loved, than where she lived, and less in herself than in his body, which notwithstanding

standing where it was she could not imagine; for she sought, and as yet she found not, and therefore stood at the tomb weeping for it, being now altogether given to mourning, and driven to despair.

But, O MARY! by whose counsel, upon what hope, or with what heart, couldest thou stand alone, when the disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou turnedst again at their coming, and yet thou stayest when they are gone. Alas! that thy lord is not in the tomb, thine own eyes have often seen, the disciples' hands have felt, the empty syndon doth avouch; and cannot all this win thee to believe it? No, no, thou wouldest rather condemn thine own eyes of error, and both their eyes and hands of deceit; yea, rather suspect
all

all testimonies for untrue, than not seek whom thou hast lost, even there, where by no diligence he could be found. When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest again in this; and though never so often sought, it must be an haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are lost; love's nature is, never to be weary in searching the oftenest searched corners; being more willing to think that all the senses are mistaken, than to yield that hope should fail. Yet now since it is so evident, that he is taken away; what should move thee to remain here where the peril is apparent, and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (and she a woman) wholly possessed with passion, have more light to discern danger; than two wits of two men, and both principal favourites of the parent of

all wisdom? Or, if notwithstanding the danger, there had been just cause to encounter, were not two together, being both to CHRIST sworn champions, each to other affected friends, and to all his enemies professed foes, more likely to have prevailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kind, and already amazed with this dreadful accident?

But, alas! why do I urge her with reason, whose reason is altered into love, and judgeth it folly to follow such reason as should any way impair her love? Her thoughts were arrested by every thread of CHRIST's syn-don, and she was captive to so many prisons as the tomb had memories of her lost master; love being her jailor in them all, and nothing able to ransom her, but the recovery of her
LORD.

LORD. What marvel, then, though the Apostles' examples drew her not away, whom so violent a love enforced to remain; which, prescribing laws both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but itself? She could not think of any fear, nor stand in fear of any force. Love armed her against all hazards; and, being already wounded with the greatest grief, she had no leisure to remember any lesser evil. Yea, she had forgotten all things, and herself among all things, only mindful of him whom she loved above all things. And yet her love, by reason of her loss, drowned both her mind and memory so deep in sorrow, and so busied her wits in the conceits of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises was diverted with the throng of present discomforts; and she seemed to have forgotten also him
besides

besides whom she remembered nothing. For, doubtless, had she remembered him as she should, she would not have now thought the tomb a fit place to seek him; neither would she mourn for him as dead, and removed by other's force, but joy in him as revived, and risen by his own power; for he had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But, alas! let her heaviness excuse her, and the unwontedness of the miracle plead her pardon; since dread and amazement have confused her senses, distempered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but only to weep. She wept, therefore, being only able to weep; "And, as she was
"weeping, she stooped down, and
"looked into the tomb, and she saw
"two angels in white sitting; one at
"the

“ the head, and the other at the feet,
 “ where the body of Jesus had been
 “ lain. And they said unto her, Wo-
 “ man, why weepest thou?” John
 xx.

O MARY, thy good hap exceedeth
 thy hope, and where thy last sorrow
 was bred, thy first succour springeth.
 Thou didst seek but one, and thou
 hast found two. A dead body was
 thine errand, and thou hast fallen upon
 two alive. Thy weeping was for a
 man, and thy tears have obtained an-
 gels. Suppress now thy sadness, and
 refresh thine heart with this good for-
 tune. These angels invite thee to a
 parley, they seem to take pity on thy
 case, and it may be, they have some
 happy tidings to tell thee. Thou hast
 hitherto sought in vain, as one either
 unseen or unknown, or at the least un-
 regarded,

regarded, since the party thou seekest neither tendereth thy tears; nor answereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either he doth not hear, or he will not help: he hath peradventure ceased to love thee, and is loth to yield thee relief, and therefore take such comfort as thou findest, since thou art not so fortunate as to find that which thou couldest wish. Remember what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whom they speak. They are angels of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seen but of favour. They sit in the tomb, to shew that they are no strangers to thy loss. They come from Heaven, from whence all happy news descendeth. They speak to thee, as though they had some special embassy to deliver unto thee. Ask them therefore of thy master, for they are the likeliest

likeliest to return thee a desired answer. Thou knewest him too well to think that hell hath devoured him: thou hast long sought, and hast not found him on earth, and what place so fit for him as to be in heaven? Ask therefore of those angels that came newly from thence; and it may be their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolved to continue thy seeking, who can better help thee, than they that are as swift as thy thought, as faithful as thine own heart, and as loving to thy LORD as thou thyself? Take therefore thy good hap, lest it be taken away from thee, and content thee with angels, since thy master hath given thee over.

But, alas! what meaneth this change, and how happeneth this strange alteration? The time hath been that
fewer

fewer tears would have wrought greater effect, shorter seeking have sooner found, and less pain have procured more pity. The time hath been that thine anointing his feet was accepted and praised, thy washing them with tears highly commended, and thy wiping them with thy hair most courteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that having brought thy sweet oil to anoint his whole body, having shed as many tears as would have washed more than his feet, and having not only thy hair but thy heart ready to serve him, he is not moved with all these duties, so much as once to afford thee his sight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandering courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned inhabitants, and from the wilds of sin recovered thee into the fold and family of his flock? Was not thy
house

house his home? his love thy life, thyself his disciple? Did he not defend thee against the Pharisee, plead for thee against JUDAS, and excuse thee to thy sister? Finally, was not he thy patron and protector in all thy necessities?

O good JESU! why hast thou withdrawn thyself from her? Thou hast heretofore so pitied her tears, that, seeing them, thou couldest not refrain thine own. In one of her greatest agonies, for love of her that so much loved thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into unexpected contentment; and we know that thou dost not use to alter thy course without cause, nor to chastize without desert; thou art the first that invitest, and the last that forsakest, never leaving but first left; and ever offering,
till

till thou art refused. How then hath she forfeited thy favour, or with what trespass deserved thy ill-will? That she never ceased to love thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her tears will testify, and her seeking doth assure. And, alas! in her particular case, so far from example, that thou shouldest rather alter thy nature, than she better her fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our parts, since thy last shew of liking to her, we have found no other fault in her, but that she was the earliest up to seek thee, readiest to anoint thee; and when she saw that thou wert removed, she forthwith did weep for thee, and presently went for help to find thee; and whereas those two that she brought, being less careful of thee than fearful of themselves, when they had heard what she

she

ſhe had ſaid, ſuddenly ſhrunk away; behold ſhe ſtill ſtayeth, ſhe ſtill ſeeketh, yet ſtill ſhe weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this ſhe doth, and to this ſhe perſuadeth; yea, this ſhe neither meaneth to amend, nor requeſteth thee to forgive: if therefore thou reckoneſt this as puniſhable, puniſhed ſhe muſt be, ſince no excuſe hath effect where the fact pleadeth guilty. But if this import not any offence, but a true affection, and be rather a good deſire than an evil deſert, why then art thou ſo hard a judge to ſo ſoft a creature; requiting her love with thy loſs, and ſuſpecting her hopes in this unhappineſs? Are not theſe thy words, “ I love thoſe that love me, “ and who ſeek early for me ſhall find “ me?” Why then doth not this woman find thee, that was up ſo early to watch for thee? Why doſt thou not
with

with like repay her, that bestoweth upon thee her own love, since thy word is her warrant, and thy promise her due debt? Art thou less moved with these tears which she sheddeth for thee, her only master, than thou wert with those which she shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her love to thy servant more please thee than her love to thyself? Our love to others must not be to them, but to thee in them. For he loveth thee so much the less, that loveth any thing with thee. If therefore she then deserved well for loving thee in another, she deserved better now, for loving thee in thyself; and if indeed thou lovest those that love thee, make thy words good to her, that is so far in love with thee. Of thyself thou hast said, that thou art "The way, the truth, and the life." If then thou
art

art a way easy to find and never erring, how doth she miss thee? If a life-giving life and never ending, why is she ready to die for thee? If a true promising truth, and never failing, how is she bereaved of thee? For if what her tongue did speak, thy truth will aver; she will never ask more to make her most happy. Remember that thou saidst to her sister, that "MARY had chosen the better part," which should not be taken from her. That she chose the best part is out of question, since she made choice of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part shall not be taken from her, since thou that art this part, art already taken away? If she could have kept thee, she would not have lost thee: and had it been in her power, as it was in her will, she would never have parted from thee: and

and might she now be restored to thy presence, she would try all fortunes rather than forget thee. Since therefore she seeketh nothing but what she chose, and the loss of her choice is the only cause of her combat, either vouchsafe thou to keep this best part, that she chose in her, or how can it be true, that it shall not be taken from her? But thy meaning haply was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it should never be taken from her heart; and it may be, thy inward presence supplieth thine outward absence: yet if MARY possessed thee, she could feel thee; and if she felt thee, she would never seek thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her bosom and not to burn her; and thy light is too great, to leave her mind in this darkness if it shined in her. In true lovers every part is an eye, and every thought a look; and therefore

therefore so sweet an object amongst so many eyes, and in so great a light, could never lie so hidden but love could espy it. No, no, if MARY had thee, her innocent heart (never taught to dissemble) could not make complaint the outside of a concealed comfort; neither would she turn her thoughts to pasture in a dead man's tomb, if at home she might bid them to so heavenly a banquet. Her love would not have a thought to spare, nor a minute to spend in any other action, than in enjoying of thee, whom she knew too well, to abridge the least part of her from so high an happiness. For her thirst of thy presence was so exceeding, and the sea of thy joys so well able to afford her a full draught, that though every part in her could take in a whole tide of thy delight, she would think
them

them too few to fatisfy her defires. Yea, doubtlefs, if ſhe poſſeſſed thee, ſhe would not envy the fortune of the richeſt empreſs ; yea, ſhe would more rejoice to be thy tomb in earth, than a throne in heaven, and diſdain to be a ſaint if ſhe were worthy to be but thy ſhrine.

But it may be now with her mind as it was with the apoſtles eyes, and as they ſeeing thee walk upon the ſea, took thee for a gholt ; ſo ſhe ſeeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape than with thy ſpiritual power.

But, O MARY, it ſeemeth too ſtrange, that he whom thou ſeekeſt, and for whom thou weepeſt, ſhould
thus

thus give thee over to this anguish, if in thee he did not see a cause for which he will not be seen of thee. Still thy plaint, and cease thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespass in thy tears, and some sin in thy sorrow. Dost thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he said, “ Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not “ for me, but weep for yourselves and “ for your children.” What meanest thou then to continue thy course ? Doth he forbid thy tears, and wilt thou not forbear them ? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is it not that his will that his words do import ? The fault must be mended, ere the penance be released, and therefore either cease to weep, or never hope to find. But I know this logic little pleaseth thee. And I might as soon win thee to forbear living as to leave weeping.

But

But thou wilt say, that though he forbad thee to weep for thyself, and since thy love hath made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thyself when thou weepest for him. But I answer thee again, that because he is with thee, and thy weeping for him hath been forbidden thee, thou canst not weep for thyself, but his words will condemn thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soever thou weepest it is all one; and therefore since for him thou mayest not weep, forbear all weeping, lest it should offend. Yea, but, sayest thou, to bar me from weeping is to abridge me of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and every penalty supposeth some offence; but an offence it is not to weep for myself, for he would never command it if it were not lawful to do it. The fault therefore must
be

be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for myself a weeping also for him. And if this be a fault, I will never amend it ; and let them that think so, do penance for it : for my part, since I have lost my mirth, I will make much of my sorrow ; and since I have no joy, but in tears, I may lawfully shed them. Neither think I his former word a warrant against his latter deed. And what need had he to weep upon the cross but for our example, which if it were good for him to give, it cannot be evil for me to follow ? No, no, it is not my weeping that causeth my loss, since a world of eyes, and a sea of tears, could not worthily bewail the miss of such a master.

Yet, since neither thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping prevaiileth, satisfy thyself

thyself with the sight of angels. Demand the cause of their coming, and the reason of thy Lord's remove, and since he first offers thee occasion of parley, be not thou too dainty of thy discourse. It may be they can calm thy storm, and quiet thy grief; and therefore conceal not from them thy wound, lest thou lose the benefit of their cure. But nothing can move **MARY** to admit comfort, or entertain any company: for to one alone and for ever she hath vowed herself, and, except it be to him, she will neither lend ear long to others, nor borrow others help, lest by they seeking to allay her grief she should lessen her love. But drawing into her mind all pensive conceits, she museth and pineth in a consuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortless

“ Alas !

“ Alas! faith she, small is the light
“ that a star can yield, when the sun
“ down; and a forry exchange, to
“ gather crumbs after the loss of an hea-
“ venly repast. My eyes are not used
“ to see by the glimpse of a spark :
“ and in seeking the sun, it is needless
“ to borrow the light of a candle,
“ since either it must betray itself
“ with its own light, or no other light
“ can ever discover it. If they come
“ to disburthen me of my heaviness,
“ their coming will be burdensome
“ unto me, and thy will load me
“ more while they labour my relief :
“ they cannot persuade me that my
“ master is not lost, for my own eyes
“ will disprove them. They can less
“ tell me where he may be found, for
“ they would not be so long from
“ him: or if they can forbear him,
“ surely they do not know him, whom
“ none

“ none can truly know and live long
“ without him. All their demurs
“ would be tedious, and discourse irk-
“ some. Impair my love they might,
“ but appay it they could not, to which
“ he that first accepted the debt is the
“ only payment. They either want
“ power, will, or leave to tell me my
“ desire, or at the first word, they
“ would have done it, since angels are
“ not used to idle speeches; and to
“ me all talk is idle that doth not
“ tell me of my master. They know
“ not where he is, and therefore they
“ are come to the place where he last
“ was, making the tomb their hea-
“ ven, and the remembrance of his
“ presence the food of their felicity.
“ Whatsoever they could tell me, if
“ they told me not of him, and what-
“ soever they could tell me of him,
“ if they told me not where he were,
“ both

“ both their telling and my hearing
“ were but a wasting of time. I nei-
“ ther came to see them, nor desire
“ to hear them. I came not to see an-
“ gels, but him that made both me
“ and angels, and to whom I owe
“ more than both to men and angels.

And to thee I appeal, O most loving
LORD, whether my afflicted heart doth
not truly defray the tribute of an un-
divided love. To thee I appeal, whe-
ther I have joined any partner with
thee, in the small possession of my poor
self. And I would to God I were as
privy where thy body is, as thou art,
who art only LORD and owner of my
soul.

But, alas ! sweet JESU ! where
thou art not, and where thou art
I know not ; wretched is the case that
I am

I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas! O my only desire! Why hast thou left me wavering in these uncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtful and perplexed thoughts? If I stay here where he is not, I shall never find him. If I go farther to seek, I know not whither. To leave the tomb is a death, and to stand helpless by it an incurable disease, so that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am free to chuse whether I will stay without help, or go without hope; that is, in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet even this were too happy a choice for so unhappy a creature. If I might be a chuser of my own death, O how quickly should that choice be made, and how willingly would I run to that execution? I would be nailed to the same cross, with the same nails, and in the same place: my
heart

heart should be wounded with his spear, my head with his thorns, my body with his whips : finally, I would taste all his torments, and tread all his imbrued and bloody steps.

“ But, o ambitious thoughts ! why
 “ gaze you upon so high a felicity ?
 “ why think you of so glorious a
 “ death, that are privy to so infamous
 “ a life ? Death, alas ! I deserve, yea,
 “ not one but infinite deaths, seasoned
 “ with so many comforts, the very
 “ instruments whereof were able to
 “ raise the deadeſt corps, and purify
 “ the moſt defiled ſoul, were too ſmall
 “ a ſcourge for my great offences.
 “ And therefore I am left to feel, ſo
 “ many deaths, as I live hours, and
 “ to paſs as many pangs as I have
 “ thoughts of my loſs, which are as
 “ many as there are minutes, and as
 C “ violent

“ violent as if they were all in every
“ one. But since I can neither die as
“ he died, nor live where he lieth dead,
“ I will live out my living death by
“ his grave, and die on my dying
“ life by his sweet tomb. Better is it
“ after loss of his body to look to his
“ sepulchre, than after the loss of the
“ one, to leave the other to be de-
“ stroyed. No, no; though I have
“ been robbed of the saint, I will at
“ the least have care of the shrine,
“ which though it be spoiled of the
“ most sovereign host, yet shall it be
“ the altar where I will daily sacrifice
“ my heart, and offer up my tears.

“ Here will I ever lead, yea, here
“ do I mean to end my wretched life,
“ that I may at the least be buried by
“ the tomb of my LORD, and take
“ my iron sleep near this couch of
stone,

“stone, which his presence hath made
“the place of sweetest repose.

“It may be also that this empty
“syndon lieth here to no use, and this
“tomb being open without any in it,
“may give occasion to some merciful
“heart, that shall first light upon my
“unburied body, to wrap me in his
“shroud, and to interr me in this
“tomb.

“O ! too unfortunate lot, for so un-
“fortunate a woman to crave : no,
“no : I do not crave it. For, alas !
“I dare not, yet if such an over-
“sight should be committed, I do
“now before hand, forgive that sin-
“ner, and were it no more pre-
“sumption to wish it alive, than to
“suffer it dead, if I knew the party
“that should first pass by me, I
C 2 “would

“ would woo him with my tears, and
“ hire him with my prayers, to bless
“ me with this felicity. And though
“ I dare not wish any to do it, yet
“ this (without any offence) I may
“ say to all, that I love this syndon
“ above all cloaths in the world, and
“ this tomb I esteem more than any
“ prince's monument : yea, and I
“ think that corps highly honoured,
“ that shall succeed my LORD in it :
“ and for my part, as I mean that the
“ ground where I stand shall be my
“ death-bed ; so am I not of JACOB'S
“ mind, to have my body buried far from
“ the place where it dieth, but even in
“ the next and readiest grave, and
“ that as soon as my breath faileth,
“ since delays are needless where death
“ hath won possession.

“ But, alas ! I dare not say any
“ more, let my body take such fortune
“ as

“ as befalleth it : my soul at the least
“ shall dwell in this sweet paradise,
“ and from this brittle case of flesh
“ and blood, pass presently into the
“ glorious tomb of God and man.
“ It is now enwrapped in a mass of
“ corruption, it shall then enjoy a
“ place of high perfection : where it
“ is now, it is more by force than by
“ choice, and like a repining prisoner
“ in a loathed goal : but there in a
“ little room it should find perfect
“ rest, and in the prison of death,
“ the liberty of a joyful life.

“ O sweet tomb of my sweetest
“ LORD! while I live I will stay by
“ thee ; when I die, I will cleave to
“ thee : neither alive nor dead, will
“ I ever be drawn from thee. Thou
“ art the altar of mercy, the temple
“ of truth, the sanctuary of safety,

“ the grave of death and the cradle of
“ eternal life. O heaven of my eclips-
“ ed sun, receive unto thee this silly
“ star that hath now also lost all wished
“ light. O Whale that hast swallow-
“ ed my only *Jonas* swallow also me,
“ more worthy to be thy prey, since
“ I, and not he, was the cause of
“ this bloody tempest. O cistern
“ of my innocent *Josepb*, take me
“ into thy dry bottom, since I, and
“ not he, gave just cause of offence
“ to my enraged brethren. But, alas!
“ in what cloud hast thou hidden
“ the light of our way? Upon
“ what shore hast thou cast up the
“ Preacher of all truth; or to what
“ Ismaelite hast thou yielded the pur-
“veyour of our life?

“ Oh! unhappy me, why did I not
“ before think of that which I now
“ ask? Why did I leave him when

“ I

“ I had him ? If I had watched
“ with perseverance, either none would
“ have taken him, or they should
“ have taken me with him .

But through too much preciseness in keeping the Law, I have lost the Law-maker, ; and by being too scrupulous in observing his ceremonies, I am proved irreligious in losing himself, since I have rather remained with the truth, than forsaken it to solemnize the figure. The Sabbath could not have been prophaned in standing by his coarſe, by which the prophaned things are ſanctified, and whoſe touch doth not deſile the clean, but cleanſeth the moſt deſiled.

“ But when it was time to ſtay,
“ I departed : when it was too late
“ to help, I returned : and now I
“ repent my folly, when it cannot
“ be amended. But let my heart
“ diſſolve in ſighs, mine eyes melt
“ in

“ in tears, and my desolate soul
“ languish in contrition: nay let all that
“ I am and have, endure the de-
“ served punishment, that if he were
“ incensed with my fault, he may
“ be appeased with my penance, and
“ return upon the amendment that
“ fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conscience had indicted her of so great an omission, and her tongue enforced the evidence with these bitter accusations, love, that was now the only umpire in all her causes, condemned her eyes to a fresh shower of tears, her breast to a new storm of sighs, and her soul to be perpetual prisoner to restless sorrows.

“ But, O MARY! thou deceivest thy
“ self in thy own desires, and it well
“ appeareth, that excess of grief hath
“ bred in thee a defect of true pro-
“ vidence. And wouldest thou indeed
“ have

“ have thy wishes come to pass, and
“ thy words fulfilled ? Tell me then, I
“ pray thee, if thy heart were dissolv-
“ ed, where wouldest thou harbour thy
“ Lord ? what wouldest thou after
“ him ? how wouldest thou love him ?
“ Thine eyes have lost him, thy
“ hands cannot feel him, thy feet can-
“ not follow him ; and if it be at all
“ in thee, it is thy heart that hath
“ him, and wouldest thou now have
“ that dissolved, from thencealso to ex-
“ ile him ? And if thine eyes were
“ melted, thy soul in languor, and
“ thy senses decayed, how would-
“ est thou see him, if he did ap-
“ pear ? how shouldest thou hear him,
“ if he did speak ? how couldest
“ thou know him, though he were
“ there present ?
“ Thou thinkest happily that he
“ loved thee so well, that if thy heart
“ were spent for his love, he would
“ either

“ either lend his own heart unto
“ thee, or create a new heart in thee,
“ better than that which thy sorrow
“ took from thee. It may be thou
“ imaginest that if thy soul would
“ give place, his soul wanting now
“ a body, would enter into thine,
“ with supply of all thy senses, and
“ release of all thy sorrows.

“ O MARY ! thou didst not mark
“ what thy master was wont to say,
“ when he told thee, that the third
“ day he should rise again. For if thou
“ hadst heard him, or at the least un-
“ derstood him, thou wouldest not
“ think but that he now useth both
“ his heart and soul in the life of his
“ own body. And therefore repair
“ to the Angels, and inquire more
“ of them, lest the Lord be displeas-
“ ed, that coming from him, thou
“ wilt not entertain them.

But

But, MARY! whose devotions were all fixed upon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound her thoughts to his only affection, that she rather desired to unknow whom she knew already, than to burthen her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will, long since possessed with the highest love, stoop to the acceptance of meaner friendships.

And for this, though she not did scornfully reject, yet did she with humility refuse the Angels company, thinking it no discourtesy to take herself from them, for to give herself more wholly to the Lord, to whom both she and they were wholly devoted, and ought most love and greatest duty. Sorrow also being now the only interpreter of all that sense delivered to her understanding, made her construe their demand, in a more doubtful than true meaning.

“ If

“ If (*saieth she,*) they came to ease
“ my affliction, they could not be ig-
“ norant of the cause: and if they
“ were ignorant of it, they would
“ never ask it, why then did they say,
“ *Woman, why weepest thou?*

“ If their question did import a pro-
“ hibition, the necessity of the oc-
“ casion doth countermand their coun-
“ sel, and fitter it were they should
“ weep with me, than I in not weep-
“ ing obey them. If the Sun were
“ to shew his brightness, when the
“ father of lights was darkened
“ with such disgrace: if the heavens
“ discolouring their beauties, suited
“ themselves to their Maker's fortune:
“ if the whole frame of nature were
“ almost dissolved, to see the author
“ of nature so unnaturally abused:
“ why may not Angels, that best
“ knew the indignity of the case,
“ make up a part in this lamenta-
“ ble

" ble concert ? And especially now,
 " that by the loss of his body, the
 " cause of weeping is increased, and
 " yet the number of mourners less-
 " ened : since the Apostles are fled,
 " all his friends afraid, and I left
 " alone to supply the tears of all
 " creatures ? *O who will give water to*
 " *my head, and a fountain of tears unto*
 " *mine eyes, that I may weep day and*
 " *night, and never cease weeping ? O*
 " my only Lord ! thy grief was the
 " greatest that was ever in man, and
 " my grief as great as ever happened
 " to woman : for my love hath
 " carved me no small portion of
 " thine, thy loss hath redoubled
 " the torment of my own, and
 " all creatures seem to have made
 " over to me their's, leaving me as
 " the vicegerent of all their sorrow.
 " Sorrow with me at the least, O
 " thou tomb ! and thaw into tears ye
 D " hardest

“hardest stones. The time is now
“come, that you are licensed to
“cry, and bound to recompence the
“silence of your Lord’s disciples, of
“whom he himself said to the Pha-
“risees, that if they held their peace,
“the very stones should cry for them.
“Now therefore since fear hath lock-
“ed up their lips, and sadness made
“them mute, let the stones cry out
“against the murderers of my Lord,
“and bewray the robbers of his sa-
“cred body. And I fear that were
“it well known who hath taken him
“away, there is no stone so stony, but
“should have cause to lament.

“It was doubtless the spite of some
“malicious Pharisee or bloody Scribe
“that not contented with those tor-
“ments, that he suffered in life, (of
“which every one to any other would
“have been a tyrannical death) hath now
“stolen away his dead body, to prac-
“tise

“tise upon it some savage cruelty,
“and to glut their pitiless eyes and bru-
“tish hearts with the unnatural usage
“of his helpless corps. O! ye rocks
“and stones! if ever you must cry out
“now it is high time, since the light,
“the life, and the Lord of the world
“is thus darkened, massacred, and
“outrageously misused.

“Doth not his tongue, whose truth
“is infallible, and whose word om-
“nipotent, commanding both winds
“and seas, and never disobeyed of the
“most insensible creature, promise to
“arm the world, and make the whole
“earth to fight against the senseless
“persons, in defence of the just?
“And who more just than the Lord
“of justice? Who more senseless than
“his barbarous murderers, whose insa-
“tiable thirst of his innocent blood,
“could not be stanch'd with their
“cruel butchering him at his death,

“ unless they proceeded further in
“ this hellish impiety to his dead
“ body ? Why then do not all
“ creatures address themselves to re-
“ venge so unjust a quarrel, upon so
“ senseless wretches, left of all reason,
“ forsaken of humanity, and bereav-
“ ed of all feeling both of God and
“ man ?

O MARY ! why dost thou thus tor-
ment thyself with these tragical sur-
mises ? Dost thou think that the An-
gels would sit still, if their master
were not well ? Did they serve him
after his fasting, and would they
despise him after his decease ? Did
they comfort him before he was ap-
prehended, and would not defend
him when he was dead ? If in the
garden he might have had twelve
legions of them, is his power so
quite dead with his body, that he
could not now command them ?

Was

Was there an Angel found to help *Daniel* to his dinner, to save *Tobit* from the fish, yea, and to defend *Balaam's* poor beast from his master's rage: and is the Lord of Angels of so little reckoning, that if his body stood in need, never an Angel would defend it? Thou seest two here present to honour his Tomb, and how much more careful would they be to do homage to his person? Believe not, *MARY*, that they would smile, if thou hadst such occasion to weep. They would not so gloriously shine in white, if a black and mourning weed did better become them, or were a fitter livery for their master to give, or them to wear. Yield not more to thy uncertain fear and deceived love, than to their assured knowledge, and never-erring charity. Can a material eye see more than an heavenly spirit, or the glimmering

of the twilight give better aim than the beams of their eternal Sun? Would they, (thinkest thou,) wait upon the winding sheet, while the coarse were abused, or be here for thy comfort, if the Lord did need their service? No, no, he was neither any thief's booty, nor Pharisee's prey; neither are the Angels so careless of him, as thy suspicion presumeth. And if their presence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, look upon the cloths and they will teach thee thine error, and clear thee of thy doubt.

Would any thief, thinkest thou, have been so religious, as to have stolen the body, and left the cloaths? yea, would he have been so venturous, as to have staid the unshrowding of the coarse, the well ordering of the sheets, and folding up the napkins; thou knowest that
the

the Myrrh maketh the linen cleave as fast as pitch or glue : and was a thief at so much leifure, as to dissolve the myrrh and uncloath the dead? what did the watch while the seals were broken, the Tomb opened, the body unfolded, all other things ordered as now thou seest? And if all this cannot yet persuade thee, believe at the least thy own experience. When thy master was stripped at the cross, thou knowest that his only garment, being congealed to his goary back, came not off without many parts of his skin, and doubtless would have torn off many more, if he had been anointed with Myrrh. Look then into the sheet, whether there remain any parcel of skin, or any one hair of his head : and since there is none to be found, believe some better issue of their master's absence than thy fear suggesteth.

eth. A guilty conscience doubteth want of time, and therefore dispatcheth hastily. It is in hazard to be discovered, and therefore practiseth in darkness and secrecy. It ever worketh in extreme fear : and therefore hath no leisure to place things orderly. But to unwrap so mangled a body, out of myrrhed cloaths without tearing off any skin, or leaving on any myrrh, is a thing to man impossible, or not possible to be done with such speed, without light or help, and with so much good order. Assure thyself therefore, that if either of malice, or by fraud the coarse had been removed, the linen and myrrh should have been left ; and neither could the Angels look so chearfully, nor the cloaths lie so orderly, but to import some happier accident than thou

“ con-

conceivest. But to free thee more from fear, consider these words of the Angels, *Woman, why weepest thou?* For what do they signify, but as much in effect as if they said: “Where Angels rejoice, it agreeth not that a woman should weep, and where heavenly eyes are witnesses of joy, no mortal eye should controul them with testimonies of sorrow.” With more than a manly courage thou didst before my coming, arm thyself to run among swords, thy arms to remove huge loads, thy body to endure all tyrant rage, and thy soul to be sundered with violent tortures: and art thou now so much a woman, that thou canst not command thine eyes to forbear tears?

“If there were here any coarſe,
“we might think that sorrow for the
“dead

“ dead enforced thy tears : but now
“ as thou findest it a place of the
“ living, why doest thou here stand
“ weeping for the dead ?

“ Is our presence here so discom-
“ fortable that thou shouldest weep
“ to behold us ? or is it the course
“ of thy kindness with tears to en-
“ tertain us ? if they be tears of love
“ to testify thy good will, as thy
“ love has acknowledged, so let these
“ thy sighs be suppressed. If they
“ be tears of anger to denounce thy
“ displeasure, they should not here
“ have been shed, where all anger was
“ buried but none deserved. If thy
“ be tears of sorrow and duties to
“ the dead, they are bestowed in vain,
“ where the dead is revived. If thy
“ tears be of joy, stilled from the
“ flowers of thy good fortune, few-
“ er of them would suffice, and fitter
“ were

“ were other tokens to express thy
“ contentment. And, therefore O wo-
“ *man, why dost thou weep?* Would
“ eyes be so dry, if such eye-streams
“ were behoveful? Yea, would not
“ the heavens rain tears, if thy sup-
“ posals were truth,? Did not An-
“ gels always in their visible sem-
“ blances representing their Lord’s in-
“ visible pleasures, shadowing their
“ shapes in the scope of his intent-
“ tions? When God was incensed,
“ they drew their glittering swords;
“ when he was appeased, they sheath-
“ ed them in scabbards: when he
“ would defend, they resembled sol-
“ diers; when he would terrify,
“ they took terrible forms; and
“ when he would comfort, they car-
“ ried mirth in their eyes, sweetness
“ in their countenance, mildness in
“ their words, favour, grace and
“ comeliness in their whole presence.
“ Why

“ Why then dost thou weep, seeing
“ us to rejoice? Dost thou imagine
“ us to degenerate from our nature;
“ or to forget any duty, whose state
“ is neither subject to change, nor
“ capable of the least offence? Art
“ thou more privy to the counsel
“ of our eternal God, than we that
“ are daily attendants at his throne
“ of glory? O woman, deem not amiss
“ against so apparent evidence, and at
“ our request exchange thy sorrow
“ for our joy.”

But, O glorious Angels, why do ye
move her to joy, if you know why she
weepeth? Alas, she weepeth for the
loss of him, without whom all joy
is to her but matter of new grief.
While he lived, every place where
she found him, was to her a Para-
dise; every season wherein she was
enjoyed, a perpetual spring; every
exercise

exercise wherein he was served, a special felicity : the ground wherein he went, seemed to yield her sweet footing ; the air wherein he breathed, became to her the spirit of life, being once sanctified in his sacred breast. In summer, his presence brought with it an heaven of delights, and his departure seemed to leave an eclipse in all things.

And therefore to feed her with his well being, is but to strengthen her fear of his evil, and the alledging likelihoods, by those that know the certainty, importeth the cause to be so lamentable, that they are unwilling it should be known. Your obscure glancing at the truth, is no sufficient acquittance of her grief, neither can she out of these disjointed symptoms spell the words that must be the conclusion of her complaint. Tell

E

her

her then directly, what becomes of the Lord, if you mean to deliver her out of these pangs, since what else soever you say of him, doth but draw more humours to her sore, and rather anger it than any way assuage it. Yet hearken, O MARY, and consider their speeches. Think what answer thou wilt give them, since they press thee with so strong persuasions. But I doubt not but that thy wits are smothered with too thick a mist, to admit these unknown beings of their pale light. Thou art so wholly inherited by the bloody tragedy of the Lord, and his death and dead body hath gotten so absolute a conquest over all their powers, that thy sense can discern, nor thy mind conceive any other object than his murdered corpse.

Thy eyes seem to tell thee that
every

every thing inviteth thee to weep, carrying such outward shew, as though all that thou seest were attired to sorrow, to solemnize with general consent the funeral of thy master. Thy tears persuade thee, that all sounds and voices are tuned with mournful notes, and that the echo of their own wailings, is the cry of the very stones and trees, as though (the cause of thy tears being so unusual) God to the rocks and woods had inspired a feeling of thine and their common loss. And therefore it soundeth to thee as a strange question, to ask thee why thou weepest since all that thou seest and hearest seemeth to induce thee, yea, to enforce thee to weep.

If thou seest any thing that beareth colour of mirth, it is unto thee like the rich spoils of a vanquished kingdom,

dom, in the eye of a captive Prince, which puts him in mind what he had, not what he hath, and are but upbraidings of his loss, and whetstones of sharper sorrow. Whatsoever thou hearest that moveth delight, it presenteth the miss of thy master's speeches, which as they were only harmony that thy ears affected, so they being now stopped with a deadfull silence, all other words and tunes of comfort are to thee but an *Israelites* musick upon *Babylon's* banks, memories of a lost felicity, and proofs of a present unhappiness. And though love encreaseth the conceit of shy loss, which endeareth the meanest things, and doubleth the estimate of things that are precious : yet thy faith teacheth thee the infinite dignity of thy master, and thy understanding being no dull scholar to learn so well
liked

liked a lesson, it fell to be the bitterest part of thy misery, that thou didst so well know, how infinite the loss was that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those very Angels, in whom all things make remonstrance of triumph and solace, are unto thee occasions of new grief. For their gracious and lovely countenances remember thee, that thou hast lost the beauty of the world, and the highest mark of true loves ambition. Their sweet looks and amiable features tell thee, that the heaven of thy eyes, which was the reverend Majesty of thy master's face, once shined with far more pleasing graces, but is now disfigured with the dreadful forms of death. In sum, they were to thee, like the glittering sparks of a broken diamond and like pictures of dead and

decayed beauties, figns, falues of thy calamity ; memorials, not medicines of thy misfortune. Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a supply of a shadow : and as comeliness, comfort and glory, were never in any other so truly at home, and so perfectly in their prime, as in the person and speech of thy Lord : so cannot thy thoughts but be like strangers in any foreign delight. For in them all, thou seest but some scattered crums, and hungry morsels of thy late plentiful banquets, and findest a dim reflection of their former light, which like a flash of lightning in a close and stormy night, serveth thee but to see thy present infelicity, and the better to know the horror of the ensuing darkness.

Thou thinkest, therefore, thyself blameless, both in weeping for thy
loss,

loss, and in refusing other comfort :
yet in common courtesy afford these
Angels an answer, since their charity
in visiting thee, deserveth much more,
and thou (if not too ungrateful) canst
allow them no less.

“ Alas ! (saith she,) what needeth
“ my answer, where the misery it-
“ self speaketh, and the loss is mani-
“ fest ? My eyes have answered
“ them with tears, my breast with
“ sighs, and my heart with throbs ;
“ what need I also punish my
“ tongue, or wound my soul with a
“ new rehearsal of so doleful a mis-
“ chance ? *They have taken away,*
“ O unfortunate word ! *they have tak-*
“ *en away my Lord.*”

O afflicted woman ! why thinkest thou
this word so unfortunate ? It may be
the Angels have taken him, more so-
lemnly to intomb him : and since earth
hath

hath done her last homage, happily the choirs of heaven are descended to defray unto him their funeral duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and the rest, who did acknowledge him on the cross to be the son of God, have been touched with remorse, and goaded with remorse of conscience, and being desirous to satisfy for their offence, have now taken him, more honourably to inter him, and by their service to his body sought forgiveness, and sued the pardon of their guilty souls.

Peradventure, some secret disciples, have wrought this exploit; and, maugre the watch, taken him from hence, with due honour to preserve him in some better place, and therefore being yet uncertain who hath him, there is no such cause to lament, since the
greater

greater probabilities march on the better side. Why dost thou call sorrow before it cometh, which without calling cometh on thee too fast? yea why dost thou create sorrow where it is not, since thou hast true sorrow enough, thou imagine sorrow help not? It is folly to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for: and every mishap bringeth grief enough with it, though we with our fears do not go first to meet it. Quiet then thyself till I find out the truth and it may be thy fear will prove greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy love is little helped with this lesson: for the more it loveth, the more it feareth: and the more desirous to enjoy, the more doubtful it is to love. It neither hath measures in hopes, nor mean in fears: hoping the best upon the least surmises,
and

and fearing the worst upon the weakest grounds, and yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither fear withholdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can strengthen fear against the smallest suspicions: but maugre all fears, love's hopes will mount to the highest pitch, and maugre all hopes, love's fears will stoop to the lowest fall. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to fear, and though it may be for the best, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet since it may be for the worst, that will never content thee.

Thou thinkest, hope doth enough to keep thy heart from breaking, and fear little enough to force thee to no more than weeping, since it is as likely that he hath been taken away upon hatred by his enemies, as upon love by his friends.

For

“ For hitherto (sayest thou) his
“ friends have all failed him, and his
“ foes prevailed against him ; and as
“ they who would not defend him
“ alive, are less likely to regard him
“ dead, so they who thought one life
“ too little to take from him, are not
“ unlikely after death to wreak new
“ rage upon him.

“ And though this doubt were not,
“ yet whosoever hath taken him, hath
“ wronged me, in not acquainting me
“ with it : for to take mine without
“ my consent, can neither be offer-
“ ed without injury, nor suffered with-
“ out sorrow. And as for *Jesus*, he
“ was my *Jesus*, my Lord and my
“ Master. He was mine because he
“ was given unto me, and born for
“ me : he was the author of my be-
“ ing, and so my Father ; he was
“ the worker of my well doing, and
therefore

ak-
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ith-
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ough
and
o no
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love

For

“therefore my Saviour; he was the
“price of my ransom, and thereby
“my Redeemer; he was my Lord
“to command me, my Master to in-
“struct me, my Pastor to feed me.
“He was mine, because his love was
“mine, and when he gave me his
“love, he gave me himself, since love
“is no gift except the giver be
“given with it; yea, it is no love,
“unless it be as liberal of that it
“is, as of that it hath. Finally,
“if the meat be mine that I eat,
“the life mine wherewith I live, or
“he mine, all whose life, labours, and
“death were mine, then dare I bold-
“ly say that *Jesus* is mine, since on
“his body I feed, by his love I live,
“and to my good without any
“need of his own, hath he lived,
“laboured and died. And therefore
“though his Disciples, though
“the *Centurion*, yea, though the
Angels

“ Angels have taken him, they
 “ have done me wrong, in defeating
 “ me of my right, since I never mean
 “ to resign my interest.”

But what if he hath taken away himself, wilt thou also lay injustice to his charge ? Though he be thine, yet thine to command, not to obey ; thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed of: and therefore, as it is no reason that the servant should be master of his master's secrets, so might he, and peradventure so hath he, removed without acquainting thee whither, reviving himself with the same power with which he raised thy dead brother ; and fulfilling the words that he often uttered of his resurrection. It may be thou wilt say, that a gift once given, cannot be revoked, and therefore though it were

F before

before in his choice, not to give himself unto thee : yet the deed of gift being once made, he cannot be taken from thee, neither can the donor dispose of his gift without the possessor's privity. And since this is a rule in the law of nature, thou mayest imagine it a breach of equity, and an impeachment of thy right, to convey himself away without thy consent.

But to this I will answer thee with thine own ground. For if he be thine by being given thee once, thou art his by as many gifts, as days, and therefore he being absolute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of whatsoever is thine: and consequently because he is thine, he is also his own, and so nothing liable unto thee, for taking himself from thee.

He

He is my Lord (saist thou) and in this respect, bound to keep me, at the least bound not to kill me: and since killing is nothing but a severing of life from the body, he being the chief life both of my soul and body, cannot possibly go from me, but he must with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his servant, it is against all laws that I should be thus forsaken.

But, o cruel tongue! why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I fear me is so pitiful, that it might rather move all tongues to plead for him, being peradventure in their hands, whose unmerciful hearts make themselves merry with his misery, and build the triumphs of their impious victory upon the doleful ruins of his disgraced

glory? And now, o grief! because I know not where he is, I cannot imagine how to help, for they have taken him away, and I know not where they put him.

Alas! MARY, why dost thou consume thyself with these cares? His Father knoweth, and he will help him. The angels know, and they will guard him. His own soul knoweth, and that will assist him. And what need then is there, that thou, silly woman, shouldest know it, who canst no way profit him? But I feel in what vein thy pulse beateth, and by thy desire I discover thy disease. Though both heaven and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou also wert made privy to it, thy woes would be as great, and thy tears as many.

That

That others see the fun, doth not lighten thy darknes, neither can others eating satisfy thy hunger. The more there be that know of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that among so many thou art not thought worthy to be one. And the more there be that may help him, the more it grieveth thee that thy poor help is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy love doth desire it, and though it availeth not, thy desire will seek it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone; and from whomsoever it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt, yea, though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbear it.



Thy Lord to thy love is like drink to the thirsty, which if they cannot have, they die for drought, being long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremity of thirst are still dreaming of fountains, brooks, and springs, being never able to have other thought, or to utter other word but of drink and moisture: so lovers in the vehemency of their passion, can neither think nor speak, but of that they love; and if that be once missing, every part is both an eye to watch, and an ear to listen, what hope or news may be had. If it be good, they die till they hear it; though bad, yet they cannot live without it. Of the good, they hope that it is the very best; and of the evil, they fear it to be the worst; and yet though never

ver so good, they pine till it be told, and be it never so evil, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither bear the joy nor brook the sorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to kill them.

And this, o MARY! may be the cause, why the angels would not tell thee thy Lord's estate. For if it had been to thy liking, thou wouldest have died for joy, if otherwise, thou wouldest have sunk down for sorrow. And therefore they leave this news for him to deliver, whose word if it give thee a wound, is also a salve to cure it, though never so deadly.

But, alas ! afflicted soul, why doth it so deeply grieve thee, that thou

knowest not where he is? Thou canst not better him if he be well, thou canst as little succour him if he be ill, : and since thou fearest that he is rather ill than well, why shouldst thou know it, so to end thy hopes in mishap, and thy great fears in far greater sorrows? Alas! to ask thee why, is in a manner to ask one half starved why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the food of thy thoughts, the relief of thy wishes, the only repast of all thy desires: so is thy love a continual hunger, and his absence unto thee an extreme famine. And therefore no marvel though thou art so greedy to hear, yea to devour any, be it never so bitter notice of him, since thy hunger is most violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And though the hearing of his harms should
work

work the same in thy mind, that unwholesome meat worketh in a sick stomach: yet if it once concern him that thou lovest, thy hungry love could not temper itself from it, though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and unpleasant penance.

But why doth thy sorrow dwell so much upon the place where he is? were it not enough for thee to know who had him, but thou must also know in what place he is bestowed? A worse place than a grave no man will offer, and many a far better mansion will allow: and therefore thou mayest boldly think, that wheresoever he be, he is in a place fitter for him than where he was. Thy sister MARTHA confessed him to be the son of God, and with her confession agreed thy belief. And what place more convenient for the Son, than to be
with

with his Father, the business for which he hath been so long from him, being now fully finished? If he be the *Messias*, as thou didst once believe, it was said of him, *That he should ascend on high, and lead our captivity captive*. And what is this height, but heaven? what our captivity, but death? Death therefore is become his captive, and it is like that with the spoils thereof, he is ascended in triumph to eternal life.

But if thou canst not lift thy mind to so favourable a belief, yet mayest thou very well suppose that he is in Paradise. For if he came to repair ADAM's ruin, and to be the common parent of our redemption, as ADAM was of our original infection: reason seemeth to require, that having endured all his life the penalty of
ADAM'S

ADAM's exile, he should after death re-enter possession of that inheritance which ADAM lost: that the same place, that was the nest where sin was first hatched, may be now the child-bed of grace and mercy. And if sorrow at the cross did not make thee as deaf, as at the tomb it maketh thee forgetful, thou didst in confirmation hereof hear himself say to one of the thieves, that the same day he should be with him in Paradise. And if it be reason that no shadow should be more privileged than the body, no figure in more account than the figured truth, why shouldest thou believe that ELIAS and ENOCH have been in Paradise these many ages, and that he whom they but as types resembled, should be excluded from thence? He excelled them in life, surpassed them in miracles, he was far beyond them in dignity: why then

then should not his place be far above, or at least equal with theirs, since their prerogatives were so far inferior unto his?

And yet if the baseness and misery of his passion, have laid him so low in thy conceit that thou thinkest Paradise too high a place to be likely to have him: the very lowest room that any reason can assign him, cannot be meaner than the bosom of ABRAHAM. And since God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his Son, it seemeth the slenderest preheminance, that he can give him above other men, that being his HOLY ONE, *he should not in his body see corruption*, but be free among the dead, reposing both in body and soul, where other Saints are in soul only. Let not therefore the place where he is, trouble thee,
since

since it cannot be worse than his grave,
and infinite conjectures make probability
that it cannot but be better.

But supposing that he were yet remaining on earth, and taken by others out of his tomb, would it avail thee to know where he were? if he be with such as love and honour him, they will be as wary to keep him, as they are loth he should be lost: and therefore will either often change, or never confess the place, knowing secrecy to be the surest lock to defend so great a treasure. If those have taken him, who hate and malign him, thou mayest well judge him past thy recovery, when he is once in possession of so cruel owners.

Thou wouldest haply make sale
of thy living, and seek him by ran-

G

som.

som. But it is not likely they would sell him to be honoured who bought him to be murdered.

If price would not serve, thou wouldest fall to prayer. But how can prayer soften such flinty hearts? And if they scorned so many tears offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreaty for his corpse.

If neither price nor prayer would prevail, thou wouldest attempt it by force. But, alas! silly soldier, thy arms are too weak to manage weapons, and the issue of thy assault, would be the loss of thyself.

If no other way would help, thou wouldest purloin him by stealth, and think thyself happy in contriving such a theft, O MARY! thou art deceived, for malice will have many
locks:

locks : and to steal him from a thief,
that could steal him from the watch,
requireth more cunning in the art,
than thy want of practice can afford
thee.

Yet if these be the causes that thou
inquirest of the place, thou shewest
the force of thine affection, and de-
servest the laurel of a perfect lover.

But to feel more of their sweetness,
I will pound these spices, and dwell
a while in the perusal of thy resolute
fervour.

And first, can thy love enrich thee
when their goods are gone, or a dead
coarse repay the value of thy ran-
som ? Because he had neither bed
to be born in, nor grave to be bu-
ried in, wilt thou therefore rather be
poor with him, than rich without
him ?

Again, if thou hadst to sue to some cruel Scribe or Pharisee, that is, to an heart boiling in rancor, with an heart burning in love, for a thing of him above all things detested, of thee above all things desired: as his enemy to whom thou suest, and his friend for whom thou intreatest, canst thou think it possible for this suit to speed? Could thy love repair thee from his rage, or such a tyrant stoop to a woman's tears?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recovered by violence, art thou so armed in complete love, that thou thinkest it sufficient harness? or doth thy love indue thee with such a JUDITH's spirit, or lend thee such SAMPSON's locks, that thou canst break open huge gates, or foil whole armies?

Is

Is thy love so sure a shield, that no blow can break it, or so sharp a dint, that no force can withstand it? Can it thus alter sex, change nature, and exceed all art?

But of all other courses wouldest thou adventure a theft to obtain thy desire? A good deed must be well done, and a work of mercy without breach of justice. It were a sin to steal prophane treasure, but to steal an anointed prophet, can be no less than sacrilege. And what greater stain to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thyself, than to see thee his disciple publicly executed for an open theft?

O MARY! unless thy love have better warrant than common sense, I can hardly see how such designments can be approved.

Approved! (saith she,) I would to God the execution were as easy as the proof, and I should not long bewail my unfortunate loss.

“ But MARY still answers, to others
“ it seemeth ill to prefer love before
“ riches, but to love it seemeth worse
“ to prefer any thing before itself.
“ Cloath him with plates of silver
“ who shivereth for cold, or fill his
“ purse with treasure who pineth with
“ hunger, and see whether the plates
“ will warm him, or the treasure feed
“ him. No, no, he will give us all
“ his plates for a woollen garment,
“ and all his money for a meals
“ meat. Every supply fitteth not
“ with every need, and the love of
“ so sweet a Lord hath no corre-
“ spondence in worldly wealth. With-
“ out him I were poor, though em-
“ press

" press of the world. With him I
 " were rich though I had nothing
 " else. They who have most are
 " accounted richest, and they thought
 " to have most, who have all they
 " desire : and therefore as in him
 " alone is the uttermost of my de-
 " sires, so he alone is the sum of all
 " my substance. It were too happy
 " an exchange to have God for goods,
 " and too rich a poverty to enjoy
 " the only treasure of the world. If I
 " were so fortunate a beggar, I would
 " disdain SOLOMON'S wealth, and my
 " love being so highly enriched, my
 " life should never complain of want.

" And if all I am worth would
 " not reach to his ransom, what
 " should hinder to seek him by in-
 " treaty ? Though I were to sue
 " to the greatest Tyrant, yet the e-
 " quity of my suit is more than
 " half

“ half a grant. If many drops soft-
“ en the hardest stones, why should
“ not many tears supple the most sto-
“ ny hearts? What anger so firey
“ that may not be quenched with
“ eye-water, since a weeping suppli-
“ ant abateth the edge of more than
“ a lyon's fury? My suit itself
“ would sue for me, and so dole-
“ ful a coarse would quicken pity
“ in the most iron hearts. But sup-
“ pose that by touching a ranckled
“ fore, my touch should anger it,
“ and my petition at the first incense
“ him who heard it: he would per-
“ haps revile me in words and
“ then his own injury would re-
“ coil with remorse, and be unto me
“ a patron to proceed in my request.
“ And if he should accompany his
“ words with blows, and his blows
“ with wounds, it may be my stripes
“ would smart in his guilty mind,
“ and

“ and his conscience bleed in my
“ bleeding wounds, and my innocent
“ blood so intender his adaman-
“ tine heart, that his own inward feel-
“ ings would plead my cause, and
“ peradventure obtain my suit.

“ But if, through extremity of
“ spite, he should happen to kill
“ me, his offence might easily redound
“ to my felicity. For he would be
“ as careful to hide whom he had
“ unjustly murdered, as him whom
“ he had feloniously stolen : and so it
“ is like that he would hide me in
“ the same place where he laid my
“ Lord. And as he hated us both for
“ one cause, him for challenging, and
“ me for acknowledging that he was
“ the Messiah: so would he use us
“ both after one manner. And thus
“ what comfort my body wanted, my
“ soul should enjoy, in seeing a part
“ of

“ of myself, partner in my master’s
“ misery : with whom to be misera-
“ ble, I reckon an higher fortune,
“ than without him to be most happy.

“ And if no other means would
“ serve to recover him but force, I
“ see no reason why it might not ve-
“ ry well become me. None will
“ bar me from defending my life,
“ which the least worm in the right
“ of nature hath leave to preserve. And
“ since he is to me so dear a life
“ that without him all life is death,
“ nature authoriseth my feeble forces
“ to employ their uttermost in so ne-
“ cessary an attempt. Necessity ad-
“ deth ability, and love doubleth ne-
“ cessity, and it often happeneth that
“ nature armed with love, and pres-
“ sed with need, exceedeth itself in
“ might, and surmounteth all hope
“ in success. And as the equity of
“ the cause doth breath courage in the
“ de-

“ defenders, making them the more
“ willing to fight, and the less un-
“ willing to die: so guilty consci-
“ ences are ever timorous, still start-
“ ing with sudden frights, and afraid
“ of their own suspicions, ready to
“ yield before the assault, upon dis-
“ tress of their cause, and despair of
“ their defence. Since therefore to
“ rescue an innocent, to recover a
“ right, and to redress so deep a
“ wrong, is so just a quarrel: nature
“ will enable me, love encourage me,
“ grace confirm me, and the judge
“ of all justice fight in my behalf.

“ And if it seem unfitting to my
“ sex in talk, much more in practice
“ to deal in material affairs: yet
“ when such a cause happeneth as ne-
“ ver had pattern, such effects must
“ follow as are without example.
“ There was never any body of a
“ God

“ God but one, neither such a body
“ stolen but now, never such a
“ stealth unrevenged but this. Since
“ therefore the angels neglect it,
“ and men forget, O JUDITH! lend thy
“ prowess, for I am bound to regard
“ it.

“ But suppose that my force were
“ unable to win him by an open
“ enterprise, what scruple should keep
“ me from seeking him by secret
“ means? yea, and by plain stealth,
“ it will be thought a sin, and con-
“ demned for a theft. O sweet sin!
“ why was not I the first that did
“ commit thee? Why did I suffer
“ any other sinner to prevent me?
“ For stealing from God his honour,
“ I was called a sinner, and under that
“ title was spread my infamy: But
“ for stealing God from a false own-
“ er, I was not worthy to be called
“ a sin-

“ a sinner, because it had been too
“ high a glory. If this be so great
“ a sin, and so heinous a theft, let
“ others make choice of what titles they
“ will, but for my part I would
“ refuse to be an angel, I would
“ not wish to be a saint, I would never
“ be esteemed either just or true,
“ and I should be best contented, if I
“ might but live and die such a sin-
“ ner, and be condemned for such a
“ theft. When I heard my Lord
“ make so comfortable a promise
“ to the thief upon the cross, that
“ he should that day be with him in
“ Paradise, I had some envy at that
“ thief’s good fortune, and wished
“ myself in the thief’s place, so I might
“ have enjoyed the fruit of his pro-
“ mise. But if I could be so hap-
“ py a thief, as to commit this
“ theft, if that wish had taken effect,

H

“ I would

“ I would now unwish it again, and
“ scorn to be any other thief than my-
“ self, since my booty could make
“ me happier than any other thief’s
“ felicity. And that though my felo-
“ ny should be called in question,
“ in what respect should I need to
“ fear? They would say, that I lov-
“ ed him too well ; but that were
“ soon disproved, since where the
“ worthiness is infinite, no love can
“ be enough. They would object
“ that I stole another’s goods : and
“ as for that, many sure titles of
“ my interest would aver him to be
“ mine, and his dead corpse would
“ rather speak, than witnesses should
“ fail to depose so certain a truth.
“ And if I had not a special right
“ unto him, what should move me
“ to venture my life for him? No,
“ no, if I were so happy a felon,
“ I should

“ I should fear no temporal arraignment : I should rather fear that the angels would cite me to my answer, for preventing them in the theft, since not the highest Seraph in heaven, but would deem it a higher style than his own, to be the thief who had committed so glorious a robbery.

“ But, alas ! thus stand I now devising what I should do, if I knew any thing of him, and in the mean time I neither know who hath him, nor where they have bestowed him, and still I am forced to dwell in this answer, that *they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.*

“ While MARY thus lost herself in a labyrinth of doubts, watering her words with tears, and warming them with sighs, seeing the angels
“ with

“ with a kind of reverence rise, as
 “ though they had done honour to
 “ one behind her: *She turned back,*
 “ *and she saw Jesus standing, but that*
 “ *it was Jesus she knew not.*

O MARY! is it possible that thou hast forgotten Jesus? Faith hath written him in thy understanding, love in thy will, both fear and hope in thy memory: and how can all these registers be so cancelled, that so plainly seeing, thou shouldest not know the contents? For him only thou tirest thy feet, thou bendeest thy knees, thou wringest thy hands. For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breast figheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thine eye weepeth, thy thought troubled, thy whole body fainteth, and thy soul languisheth, and notwithstanding all this, hast thou now forgotten him? His countenance
 avouch-

avoucheth it, his voice assureth it, his wounds witness it, thine own eyes behold it, and doest thou not yet believe that this is Jesus? Are thy sharp seeing eyes become so weak sighted, that they are dazzled with the sun, and blinded with the light?

But there is such a shower of tears between thee and him, and thine eyes are so dimmed with weeping for him, that though thou seest the shape of a man, yet thou canst not discern him. Thy ears also are still so possessed with the doleful echo of his last speeches, which want of breath made him utter in a dying voice, that the force and loudness of his living words, make thee imagine it the voice of a stranger: and therefore as he seemeth unto thee so like a stranger, he asketh this question of thee, *O woman why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?*

O desire of the heart! and only joy of her soul! why demandest thou why she weepeth, or for whom she seeketh? But a while since she saw thee her only hope hanging on a tree, with thine head full of thorns, thine eyes full of tears, thine ears full of blasphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured, and doest thou ask her why she weepeth? Scarce three days passed, she beheld thine arms and legs racked with violent pulls, thine hands and feet bored with nails, thy side wounded with a spear, thy whole body torn with stripes and goared in blood, and doest thou, her only grief, ask her why she weepeth? She beheld thee upon the cross with many tears, and most lamentable cries, yielding up her ghost, that is, thine own ghost, and, alas! askest thou why she weepeth? And now,

now, to make up her misery, having but one hope alive, which was, that for a small relief of her other afflictions she might have anointed thy body, that hope is also dead, since thy body is removed, and she standeth hopeless of all help, and demandest thou why she weepeth, and whom she seeketh? Thou knowest, that thee only she desireth, thee only she loveth, all things besides thee she contemneth, and canst thou find in thy heart to ask her whom she seeketh? To what end, o sweet Lord! dost thou thus suspend her longings, prolong her desires, and martyr her with these tedious delays? Thou only art the fortress of her faith, the anchor of her wavering hope, the very centre of her vehement love: to thee she trusteth, upon thee she relieth, and of herself she wholly despaireth. She is so earnest in seeking

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thee,

thee, that she can neither seek nor think any other thing : and all her wits are so busied in musing upon thee, that they draw all attention from her senses, wherewith they should discern thee. Being therefore so attentive to that she thinketh, what marvel though she mark not whom she seeth ? and since thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and she so little power to discover thee by sense, why demandest thou whom she seeketh, or why she weepeth ? Dost thou look that she should answer, for thee I seek, or for thee I weep ? unless thou wilt unbend her thoughts, that her eyes may fully see thee : or while thou wilt be concealed, dost thou expect that she should be able to know thee ?

But, O MARY ! not without cause doth he ask thee this question. Thou
wouldest

wouldest have him alive, and yet weep-
est because thou dost not find him
dead. Thou art sorry that he is not
here, and for this very cause thou
shouldest rather be glad. For if he
were dead, it is most likely he should
be here ; but not being here, it is a
sign that he is alive. He rejoiceth to
be out of his grave, and thou weepest
because he is not in it. He will not
lie any where, and thou sorrowest for
not knowing where he lieth. Alas!
why bewailest thou his glory, and in-
jurest the reviving of his body as the
robbery of his coarfe? He being alive,
for what dead man mournest thou, and
he being present, whose absence doest
thou lament? *But she, taking him to be
a gardener, said unto him, sir, if
thou hast carried him from hence, tell me
where thou hast laid him, and I will
take him away.*

O wonderful effects of MARY's love! if love be a languor, how liveth she by it? If love be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaved her of sense, how did she see the angels? If it quickened her of sense, why knew she not JESUS? Doeſt thou ſeek for one, whom when thou haſt found thou knoweſt not? or if thou doſt know him when thou findeſt him, why doeſt thou ſeek when thou haſt him?

Behold, JESUS is come, and him whom thou ſeekeſt is he who talketh with thee, o MARY! call up thy wits and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord lived ſo long, laboured ſo much, died with ſuch pain, and ſhed ſuch ſhowers of blood, to come to no higher preferment, than to be a gardener? And haſt thou beſtowed ſuch coſt, ſo much
ſorrow,

forrow, and so many tears, for no better man than a silly gardener? Alas, is the sorry garden the best inheritance that thy love can afford him, or a gardener's office the highest dignity that thou wilt allow him? It had been better he had lived to have been Lord of thy castle, than with his death so dearly to have bought so small a purchase. But thy mistaking hath in it a further mystery. Thou thinkest not amiss, though thy sight be deceived. For as our first father, in the state of grace and innocency, was placed in the garden of pleasure, and the first office allotted him was to be a gardener; so the first man that ever was in glory, appeareth first in a garden, and presenteth himself in a gardener's likeness, that the beginnings of glory might resemble the entrance of innocency and grace. And as the gardener was the
fall

fall of mankind, the parent of sin, and author of death, so is this gardener the raiser of our ruins, the ransom of our offences, and the restorer of life. In a garden ADAM was deceived and taken captive by the devil. In a garden CHRIST was betrayed and taken prisoner by the Jews. In a garden ADAM was condemned to earn his bread with the sweat of his brows. And after a free gift of the bread of angels in the last supper, in a garden CHRIST did earn it us with a bloody sweat of his whole body. By disobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that garden was by ADAM forfeited; and by the obedient death of CHRIST upon a tree, a far better right is now recovered. When ADAM had sinned in the garden of pleasure, he was there appareled in dead beasts skins, that his garment might betoken his

his grave, and his livery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the death of that sin, in this garden CHRIS^T lay clad in the dead man's shroud, and buried in his tomb, that as our miseries began, so they might end; and such places and means as were the premises to our misery, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did CHRIS^T in the canticles, invite us to an heavenly banquet after he was come into this garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his spice, to forewarn us of the joy, that after this harvest should presently ensue; namely, when having sown in this garden a body, the mortality whereof was signified by those spices, he now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subject to corruption. For this also was MARY permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of

fall of mankind, the parent of sin, and author of death, so is this gardener the raiser of our ruins, the ransom of our offences, and the restorer of life. In a garden ADAM was deceived and taken captive by the devil. In a garden CHRIST was betrayed and taken prisoner by the Jews. In a garden ADAM was condemned to earn his bread with the sweat of his brows. And after a free gift of the bread of angels in the last supper, in a garden CHRIST did earn it us with a bloody sweat of his whole body. By disobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that garden was by ADAM forfeited; and by the obedient death of CHRIST upon a tree, a far better right is now recovered. When ADAM had sinned in the garden of pleasure, he was there appareled in dead beasts skins, that his garment might betoken his

his

his grave, and his livery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the death of that sin, in this garden CHRIST lay clad in the dead man's shroud, and buried in his tomb, that as our miseries began, so they might end; and such places and means as were the premises to our misery, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did CHRIST in the canticles, invite us to an heavenly banquet after he was come into this garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his spice, to forewarn us of the joy, that after this harvest should presently ensue; namely, when having sown in this garden a body, the mortality whereof was signified by those spices, he now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subject to corruption. For this also was MARY permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of

the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the process of our condemnation.

But though he be the gardener that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored us to the use and eating of the fruits of life: though it be he that soweth his gifts in our souls, quickening in us the seeds of virtue, and rooting out of us the weeds of sin: yet is he nevertheless the same Jesus he was, and the borrowed presence of a mean labourer neither altereth his person, nor diminisheth his right to his divine titles.

Why then canst thou not as well see what in truth he is, as what in shew he seemeth? but because thou seest more than thou didest believe, and findest more than thy faith serverh
these

these to seek: and for this though thy love was worthy to see him, yet thy faith was unworthy to know him.

Thou didest seek for him as dead, and therefore doest not know him seeing him alive; and because thou believest not of him as he is, thou dost only see him as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou art faultless, since thou art so lame in thy belief: but thy fault deserveth favour, because thy charity is so great: and therefore, o merciful JESU! give me leave to excuse whom thou art minded to forgive.

O JESUS! she thought to have found thee as she left thee, and she sought thee, as she did last see thee, being so overcome with sorrow for thy death, that she had neither room nor respite

in her mind for any hope of thy life: and being so deeply interred in the grief of thy burial, that she could not raise her thoughts to any conceit of thy resurrection.

For in the grave where JOSEPH buried thy body, MARY together with it entombed her soul, and so straightly combined it with thy coarse, that she could with more ease sunder her soul from her own body that liveth by it, than from thy dead body with which her love did bury it: for it is more thine and in thee, than her own or in herself: and therefore in seeking thy body, she seeketh her own soul, as with the loss of the one she also lost the other. What marvel then though sense fail, when the soul is lost, since the lantern must needs be dark when the light is out?

Restore

Restore unto her therefore her soul that lieth imprisoned in thy body, and she will soon both recover her sense, and discover her error. For, alas! it is no error that proceedeth of any will to err, and it riseth as much of vehemency or affection, as of default in faith. Regard not the error of a woman, but the love of a disciple, which supplieth in itself what in faith it wanteth. *Sir (saith she) if thou hast carried him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

O how learned is her ignorance, and how skilful her error? She charged not the angels with thy removing, nor seemed to mistrust them for carrying thee away, as though that her love had taught her that their help was needless, where the thing removed was re-

mover of itself. She did not request them to inform her where thou wert laid, as if she had reserved that question for thyself to answer. But now she judgeth thee so likely to be the author of her loss, that half supposing thee guilty, she sueth a recovery, and desireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almost fully persuaded that thou art as privy to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if she be not altogether right, she is not very much wrong, and she erred with such aim, that she very little misseth the truth. Tell her therefore, o Lord! what thou hast done with thyself, since it is fittest for thine own speech to utter that which was only possible for thy own power to perform.



But

But, o MARY! since thou art so desirous to know where thy JESUS is, why dost thou not name him when thou askest for him? Thou saidest to the angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the second time thou askest for him. Are thy thoughts so visible, as at thy only presence to be seen; or so general that they possess all, when they are once in thee? When thou speakest of him, what him dost thou mean, or how can a stranger understand thee, when thou talkest of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? or is the demanding by no other name but (him,) a sufficient notice for whom thou demandest?

But such is the nature of thy love, thou judgest that no other should be intitled a Lord, since the whole world

is too little for thy Lord's possession, and that those few creatures that are, cannot chuse but know him, since all the creatures of the world are too few to serve him. And as his worthiness can appay all loves, and his only love content all hearts, so thou deemest him to be so well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceit can be well bestowed upon any other.

Yet thy speeches seem more sudden than sound, and more peremptory than well pondered. Why dost thou say so resolutely without any further circumstance, that if this gardener have taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If he had him by right, in taking him away thou dost him wrong: if thou supposest he wrongfully took him, thou layest theft to his charge:
and

and howsoever it be, thou either condemnest thyself for an usurper, or him for a thief. And is this an effect of thy zealous love, first to abase him from a God to a gardener, and now to degrade him from a gardener to a thief?

Thou shouldst also have considered whether he took him upon love or malice. If it were for love, thou mayst assure thyself that he will be as wary to keep, as he was venturous to get him, and therefore thy policy was weak in saying, thou wouldest take him away before thou knewest where he was, since none is so simple to betray their treasure to a known thief. If he took him of malice, thy offer to recover him is an open defiance; since malice is as obstinate in defending, as violent in offering wrong, and he that would be
cruel

cruel against thy master's dead body, is likely to be more furious against his living disciples.

But thy love had no leisure to cast so many doubts. Thy tears were interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy doleful countenance. Thine eyes were rather pleaders for pity than heralds of wrath, and thy whole person presented such a pattern of thy extreme anguish, that no man from thy presence could take in any other impression. And therefore what thy words wanted, thy action supplied, and what his ear might mistake, his eye did understand.

It might be also that what he wrought in thy heart, was concealed from thy sight, and haply his voice
and

and demeanor did import such compassion of thy case, that he seemed as willing to afford as thou desirest to have his help. And so presuming by his behaviour, that thy suit should not suffer repulse, the tenor of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a grant.

But what is the reason that in all thy speeches, which since the misfortune of thy master thou hast uttered, *where they have put him* is always a part? So thou sayest to the apostles, the same to the angels, and now thou dost repeat it to this supposed gardener: very sweet must this word be in thy heart, that is so often in thy mouth, and it would never be so ready in thy mouth, if it were not fresh in thy memory.

But what marvel though it taste so sweet; that was first seasoned in thy master's

master's mouth? which as it was the treasury of truth, the fountain of life, and the only choir of the most perfect harmony; so whatever it delivered, thine ear devoured, and thy heart locked up. And now that thou wantest himself, thou hast no other comfort but his words, which thou deemest so much the more effectual to persuade, in that they took their force from so heavenly a speaker. His sweetness therefore it is that maketh this word so sweet, and for love of him thou repeatest it so often, because he in the like case said of thy brother, *where have you put him?* O how much doest thou affect his person, that findest so sweet a feeling in his phrase! How much desirest thou to see his countenance, that with so great desire pronouncest his words? And how willingly wouldst thou embrace his sacred feet,

feet, that so willingly utterest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to make so absolute a promise, and so boldly to say, *I will take him away?* JOSEPH was afraid, and durst not take down his body from the cross but by night, yea, and then also not without *Pilate's*, warrant, but thou neither stayest until night, nor regardest *Pilate* but boldly promigest that thou thyself wilt take him away.

What if he be in the palace of the high priest, and some such maid as made Saint PETER deny his master, do begin to question with thee, wilt thou then stand to these words, I will take him away? Is thy courage so great, thy strength so far beyond thy sex, and thy love so much without

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measure,

measure, that thou neither doest remember that all women are weak, nor that thyself art but a woman? Thou exemptest no place, thou preferest no person, thou speakest without fear, thou promigest without condition, thou makest no exception: as though nothing were impossible that thy love suggesteth.

But as the darkness could not fright thee from setting forth before day, nor the watch scare thee from coming to the tomb: as thou didest resolve to break open the seals, though with danger of thy life, and to remove the stone from the grave, though thy force could not serve thee: so what marvel though thy love being now more incensed with the fresh wound of thy loss, thou dost resolve upon any though never so hard adventures?

Love is not ruled with reason, but with love. It neither regardeth what can be, nor what shall be done, but only what itself desireth to do. No difficulty can stay it, no impossibility appall it. Love is title just enough, and armour strong enough for all assaults, and itself a reward for all labours. It asketh no recompence, love's fruits are love's effects, and the gains the pains. It considereth behoof more than benefit, and what in duty it should, not what in deed it can.

But how can nature be so mastered with affection, that thou canst take such delight, and carry such love to a dead corpse? The mother how tenderly soever she loved her child alive, yet she cannot chuse but loath him dead. The most loving spouse cannot endure

the presence of her deceased husband, and whose embracements were delightful in life, are ever most hateful after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the very conceit, much more the sight of the departed striketh into them so fearful and ugly impressions, and stirreth in them so great horror, that notwithstanding the most vehement love, they think long until the house is rid of their very dearest friends, when they are once attired in death's unlovely livers. How then canst thou endure to take up his coarse in thy hands, and to carry it thou knowest not thyself how far, being especially torn and mangled, and consequently the more likely in so long time to be tainted?

Thy sister was unwilling that the grave of her own brother should be opened,

opened, and yet he was shrouded in sheets, embalmed with spices, and died an ordinary death, without any wound or bruise, that might hasten his corruption. But this coarse hath neither shroud nor spice, since these are to be seen in the tomb, and there is not a part in his body but had some help to further it to decay; and art thou not afraid to see him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carry him naked in thine arms?

If thou hadst remembered God's promise, that *his holy one should not see corruption*: if thou hadst believed that his Godhead remaining with his body, could have preserved it from perishing, thy faith had been more worthy of praise, but thy love less worthy of admiration, since the more corruptible thou didst conceive him

the more difficulties thou didst determine to overcome, and the greater was thy love in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldest have thought thy ointments rather harms than helps, if thou hadst been settled in that belief, and for so heavenly a coarse embalmed with God, all earthly spices would have seemed a disgrace. If likewise thou hadst firmly trusted upon his resurrection, I should marvel at thy constant design, since all hazards in taking him should have been with usury repaid, if lying in thy lap, thou mightest have seen him revived, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thine arms with a divine majesty. If thou hadst hoped so good fortune to thy watery eyes, that they might have been first cleared with the beams of his heavenly light: or that his eyes might have blessed thee with
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the first fruits of his glorious looks :
If thou hadst imagined any likelihood
to have made happy thy dying heart
with taking in the first gasps of his
living breath, or to have heard the
first words of his pleasing voice: finally,
if thou hadst thought to have seen his
miseries turned to ornaments of glory,
and the depth of thy heaviness to such
height of felicity, whatsoever thou
hadst done to obtain him had been but
a mite for a million, and too slender a
price for so sovereign a pennyworth.

But having no such hopes to up-
hold thee, and so many motives to
plunge thee in despair, how could thy
love be so mighty, as neither to feel
a woman's fear of so deformed a coarse,
nor to think the weight of the burthen
too heavy for thy feeble arms, not to
be amated with a world of dangers
that this attempt did carry with it.

But affection cannot fear whom it affecteth, love feeleth no load of him it loveth, neither can true friendship be frightened from rescuing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then, o comfort of her life! to leave so constant a well-willer so long uncomforted, and to punish her so much, that so well serveth pardon? Dally no longer with so known a love, which so many trials avouch most true. And since she is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefit of being only thine. She did not follow the tide of thy better fortune to shift sail when the stream did alter course. She began not to love thee in thy life, to leave thee after death: Neither was she such a guest at thy table that meant to be a stranger in thy necessity. She
left

left thee not in the lowest ebb, she revolted not from thy last extremity: In thy life she served thee with her goods: in thy death she departed not from the cross: after death she came to dwell with thee at thy grave. Why then doest thou not say with NAOMI, *Blessed be she of our Lord, because what courtesy she afforded to the quick, she hath also continued towards the dead.* A thing so much the more to be esteemed in that it is most rare.

Do not, sweet Lord! any longer delay her. Behold she hath attended thee these three days, and she hath not what to eat, nor wherewith to foster her famished soul, unless thou by discovering thyself doest minister unto her the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taste of sweetness. If therefore thou wilt

wilt not have her to faint in the way refresh her with that which her hunger requireth. For surely she cannot long enjoy the life of her soul.

But fear not, MARY! for thy tears will obtain. They are too mighty orators to let any suit fall, and though they pleaded at the most rigorous bar, yet have they so persuading a silence, and so conquering a complaint, that by yielding they overcome, and by intreating they command. They tie the tongue of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the severest judge. Yea, they win the invincible, and bind the omnipotent. When they seem most pitiful, they have great power, and being most forsaken they are more victorious. Repenting eyes are the cellars of angels, and penitent tears their sweetest wines; which the favour of
life

life perfumeth, the taste of grace sweetneth, and the purest colours of returning innocence highly beautify. This dew of devotion never faileth, but the sun of justice draweth it up, and upon what face soever it dropeth, it maketh it amiable in God's eye. For this water hath thy heart been long a limbeck, sometimes distilling it out of the weeds of thy own offences, with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of spiritual comforts, with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter herbs of thy master's miseries, with the heart of a tender compassion. This water hath better graced thy looks, than thy former alluring glances. It hath settled worthier beauties in thy face, than all thy artificial paintings. Yea, this only water hath quenched God's anger, qualified his justice, recovered his mercy

mercy, merited his love, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy favours. Thy tears were the procters for thy brother's life, the inviters of those angels for thy comfort, and the suiters that shall be rewarded, but not refrained, altered in their cause, but their course continued. Heaven would weep at the loss of so precious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitful showers. No, no, the angels must still bathe themselves in the pure streams of thine eyes, and thy face shall still be set with this liquid pearl, that as out of thy tears were stricken the first sparks of thy Lord's love, so thy tears may be the oil to nourish and feed his fame. Till death dam up the springs, they shall never cease running; and then shall thy soul be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was
first

first passed from sin to grace, so in them it may be waisted from grace to glory. In the mean time, raise up thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy speedy comfort, and thy Lord's well being.

JESUS saith unto her, MARY; she turning, saith unto him, RABBONI!

O loving master! thou didest only defer thy consolation to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might be so much the more welcome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope so much desired. Thou wert content she should lay out for thee so many sighs, tears and complaints, and didest purposely adjourn the date of her payment to requit the length of these delays, with a larger loan of joy. It may be she knew not her former
L happiness,

happinefs, till ſhe was weaned from it: nor had a right eſtimate in valuing the treaſures, with which thy preſence did enrich her, until her extreme poverty taught her their ineſtimable value. But now thou ſheweſt by a ſweet experience, that though ſhe paid thee with the deareſt water of her eyes, with her beſt breath and tendereſt love, yet ſmall was the price that ſhe beſtowed in reſpect of the worth ſhe received. She fought the dead, and impriſoned in a ſtony goal, and now ſhe findeth thee both alive, and at full liberty. She fought thee ſhrined in a ſhroud, more like a leper than thyſelf, left as the model of the uttermoſt miſery, and the only pattern of the bittereſt unhappinefs; and now ſhe findeth thee inveſted in the robes of glory, the preſident of the higheſt, and both the owner and giver of all felicity.

And

And as all this while she hath fought without finding, wept without comfort, and called without answers : so now thou didest satisfy her seeking with thy coming, her tears with thy triumph, and all her cries with this one word, MARY ! For when she heard thee call her in thy wonted manner, and with thy usual voice, her only name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if she had been wholly new made, when she was only named. For whereas before the violence of her grief had so benumbed her, that her body seemed but the hearse of her dead heart, and the coffin of an unliving soul, and her whole presence but a representation of a double funeral, of thine and of her own : now with this one word her senses are restored, her mind lightened, her heart quickened, and her soul revived.

But what marvel though with one word he raise the dead spirits of his poor disciple, that with a word made the world, and even in this very word shewed an omnipotent power ?

MARY she was called as well in her bad as in her reformed estate, and both her good and evil was all of MARY'S working. And as MARY signifieth no less what she was, than what she is: so is this one word, by his virtue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries, an epitome of his miseries, and a memorial of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid so general a discovery of herself before her eyes, that it awaked her most forgotten sorrows, and mustered together the whole multitude of her joys, and would have left the issue of their mutiny

tiny very doubtful, but that the presence and notice of her highest happiness decided the quarrel, and gave her joys the victory.

For as he was her only son, whose going down left nothing but a dumpish night of fearful fancies, wherein no star of hope did shine, and the brightest planets were changed into dismal signs: so the serenity of his countenance, and authority of his word, brought a calm and well tempered day, that chasing away all darkness, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the lethargy and broke the dead sleep of her senses.

She, therefore, ravished with his voice, and impatient of delays, taketh his words out of his mouth, and to his first and yet only word answered but

one other, calling him RABBONI, that is, master. And then sudden joy rousing all other passions, she could no more proceed in her own, than give him leave to go forward with his speech.

Love would have spoken, but fear enforced silence. Hope frameth the words, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when her inward conceits served to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faltered, her breath failed. In fine, tears issued in lieu of words, and deep sighs instead of sentences, the eyes supplying the tongue's default, and the heart pressing out the unsyllabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions would not suffer to be sorted into the several sounds of intelligible speeches.

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For such is their estate that are sick with a surfeit of sudden joy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is ever ushered by hope, and waited on by fear, so is it credulous in entertaining conjectures, but hard in grounding a firm belief. And though it be apt to admit the least shadow of comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to have it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth, the first news or appearance of that which is in request, is rather an alarm to summon up all passions, than retreat to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inviteth joy to gratulate the good success; so fear suspecteth it too good to be true, and calleth up sorrow to bewail the uncertainty. And while these interchange objections and an-

swers, sometimes fear falleth into despair, and hope riseth into repining anger; and thus the skirmish still continueth till evidence of proof conclude the controversy.

MARY therefore though she suddenly answered upon notice of his voice, yet because the novelty was so strange, his person so changed, his presence so unexpected, and so many miracles laid at once before her amazed eyes, she found a sedition in her thoughts, till more earnest viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then, though words would have broken out, and her heart sent into his duties that she ought him, yea, every thought striving to be first uttered, and to have the first room in his gracious hearing, she was forced as an indifferent

indifferent arbiter among them, to seal them up all under silence by suppressing speech, and to supply the want of words, with more significant actions. And therefore running to the place of her chiefest delights, and falling at his sacred feet, she offered to bathe them with tears of joy, and to sanctify her lips with kissing his once grievous, but now most glorious wounds.

She stayed not for any more words, being now made blessed with the word himself, thinking it a greater benefit at once to feed all her wishes in the homage, honour, and embracing of his feet, than in the often hearing of his less comfortable words.

For as the nature of love coveteth not only to be united, but if it were possible wholly transformed out of itself

self into the thing it loveth: so doth it most affect that which most uniteth, and preferreth the least conjunction before any distant contentment. And therefore to see him did not satisfy her; to hear him did not quiet her; to speak with him was not enough for her; and except she might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell down at his feet to kiss them, yet CHRIST did forbid her, saying: *Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my father.*

O JESU! what mystery is in this? Being dead in sin, she touched thy mortal feet that were to die for her sake, and being now alive in grace, may she not touch thy glorious feet, that are no less for her benefit revived? She was once admitted to anoint thy head, and is she now unworthy of access

cess to thy feet? Dost thou now command her from that for which thou wast wont to commend her, and by praising the deed didst move her often to do it? Since other women shall touch thee, why hath she a repulse? yea, since she herself shall touch thee hereafter, why is she now rejected? What meanest thou, o Lord! by thus debarring her of so desired a duty? and since among all thy disciples thou hast vouchsafed her such a prerogative, as to honour her eyes with thy first sight, and her ears with thy first words, why deniest thou the privilege of thy first embracing? if the multitude of her tears have won that favour for her eyes, and her longing to hear thee, so great a recompence to her ears, why dost thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kiss thy holy feet, since the one with many complaints,
and

and the other with their readiness to all services, seemed to have earned no less reward. But, notwithstanding all this, thou preventest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee ; as if thou hadest said :

O MARY ! know the difference between a glorious and a mortal body ; between the condition of a momentary and of an eternal life. For since the immortality of the body, and the glory both of body and soul, are the endowments of an heavenly inhabitant, and the rights of another world, think not this favour to seem here ordinary, nor leave to touch me a common thing.

It were not so great a wonder to see the stars fall from their spheres, and the sun forsake heaven, and to come within the reach of a mortal arm, as
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for me, that am not only a citizen, but the sovereign of saints, and the sun whose beams are the angel's bliss, to shew myself visible to the pilgrims of this world, and to display eternal beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I be not yet ascended to my father, I shall shortly ascend, and therefore measure not thy demeanor towards me by the place where I am, but by that which is due unto me: and then thou wilt rather with reverence fall down afar off, than with such familiarity presume to touch me. Dost thou not believe my former promises? Hast thou not a constant proof by my present words? Are not thine eyes and ears sufficient testimonies, but that thou must also have thy hands and face witnesses of my presence? Touch me not, o MARY! for if I do deceive thy sight, or delude thy hearing, I can as easily be-

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guile

guile thy hand, and frustrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, believe me in all, and embrace me first in a firm faith, and then thou shalt touch me with more worthy hands. It is now necessary to wean thee from the comfort of my external presence, that thou mayest learn to lodge me in the secrets of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seen, being shortly to ascend unto my father: but what thine eye then seeth not, thy heart shall feel, and my silent parley will find audience in thy inward ear. Yet if thou fearest lest my ascending should be so sudden, that if thou doest not now take thy leave of my feet with thy humble kisses and loving tears, thou shalt never find the like opportunity again, licence from thee that needless suspicion,

suspicion. I am not yet ascended unto my father, and for all such duties, there will be a more convenient time. But now go about that which requireth more hast, and run to my brethren and inform them what I say, *That I will go before them into Galilee, there shall they see me.*

MARY therefore preferring her Lord's will before her own wish, yet sorry that her will was worthy of no better event, departed from him like an hungry infant pulled from a full teat, or a thirsty hart chased from a sweet fountain. She judged herself but an un- luckily messenger of most joyful tidings, being banished from her master's presence, to carry news of his resurrection. Alas! (saith she) and cannot others be happy without my unhappiness? or cannot their gains come in, but through

my loss? Must the dawning of their day, be the evening of mine, and my soul robbed of such a treasure to enrich their ears? o my heart return thou to enjoy him: why goest thou with me that am inforced to go from him? in me, thou art but in prison, and in him is thy only paradise. I have buried thee long enough in sorrows, and yet now when thou wert half revived, I am constrained to carry thee from the spring of life. Alas! go seek to better thy life in some more happy breast, since I, evil deserving creature, am nothing different from that I was, but in having taken a taste of the highest delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drown me in the deepest misery.

Thus, duty leading, and love withholding her, she goeth as fast backward

ward in thought, as forward in pace, ready eftsoons to faint for grief, but that a firm hope to see him again did support her weakness. She often turned towards the tomb to breathe, deeming the very air that came from the place where he stood to have taken virtue of his presence, and to have in it a refreshing force above the course of nature. Sometimes she forgetteth herself, and love carrieth her in a golden distraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is present, and then she seemeth to demand him questions, and to hear his answers: she dreameth that his feet are in her folded arms, and that he giveth her soul a full repast of his comforts. But alas, when she cometh to herself, and findeth it but an illusion, she is so much the more sorry, in that the only imagination being so delightful, she was not worthy

to enjoy the thing itself. And when she passeth by those places where her master had been : O stones (saith she) how much more happy are you than I, most wretched caitiff ! since to you was not denied the touch of those blessed feet, whereof my evil deserts have now made me unworthy ? Alas ! what crime have I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled me out of his good conceit, and estranged me from his accustomed courtesy ? Had I but a lease of his love for term of his life ? or did my interest in his feet expire with his decease, in them with my tears I wrote my first supplication for mercy, which I pointed with sighs, folded up in my hair, and humbly sealed with the impression of my lips. They were the doors of my first entrance into his favour, by which I was graciously entertained in his heart, and
admitted

admitted to do homage unto his head, while it was yet a mortal mirrour of immortal majesty, an earthly seat of an heavenly wisdom, containing in man a God's felicity.

But, alas! I must be contented to bear a lower sail, and to take down my desires to far meaner hopes, since former favours are now too high marks for me to aim at.

O mine eyes, why are you so ambitious of heavenly honours? He is now too bright a sun for so weak a sight: your looks are limited to meaner light; you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an eagle; you must humble yourselves to the twilight of inferior things, and measure your sights by your slender substance. Gaze not too much upon the blaze of eternity, lest
you

you lose yourselves in too much self-delight, and being too curious in sifting his majesty, you be in the end oppressed with his glory. No, no, since I am rejected from his feet, how can I otherwise presume, but that my want of faith hath dislodged me out of his heart, and thrown me out of all possession of his mind and memory. Yet why should I stoop to so base a fear? when want of faith was aggrieved with want of all goodness, he disdained not to accept me for one of his number, and shall I now think that he will for my faint belief so rigorously abandon me? And is the sincerity of my love, wherein he hath no partner, of so slender account, that it may not hope for some little spark of his wonted mercy? I will not wrong him with so unjust a suspicion, since his appearing reproveth it, his words overthrow it,
his

his countenance doth dissuade it, why then should I suck so much sorrow out of so vain a surmise?

Thus MARY's travelling fancies, making long voyages in this short journey, and wavering between the joy of her vision, and the grief of her denial, entertained her in the way, and held her parley with such discourses as are incident unto minds, in which neither hope is full master of the field, nor fear hath received an utter overthrow. But as she was in this perplexed manner, now falling, now rising in her own uncertainties, she findeth on the way the other holy woman that first came with her to the grave, whom the angels had now assured of CHRIST's resurrection.

And as they passed on forwards towards the disciples, *Behold JESUS met them*

them, saying, All hail. But they came near, and took hold of his feet, and worshiped him. Then JESUS said unto them, Fear not. Go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, there they shall see me.

O Lord! how profound are thy judgments, and unsearchable thy counsels! Doth her sorrow fit so near thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regret by seeing her wounded love bleed so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusal must so soon be requited with so free a grant? Is it thy pity, or her change, which cannot allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But, o most mild physician! well knowest thou that thy sharp corrosive with bitter smart angred her tender wound, which being rather caused by unwitting ignorance than wilful error,

was

was as soon cured as known, And therefore thou quickly appliest a sweet lenitive to assuage her pain, that she might acknowledge her forbidding, rather a fatherly check to her unsettled faith, than an austere rejecting her for her fault: and therefore thou admittest her to kiss thy feet, the two conduits of grace, and seals of our redemption, renewing her a charter of thy unchanged love, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice of her sanctified soul.

And thus, gracious Lord! hast thou finished her fears, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loves, stinted her tears, perfected her joys, and made the period of her expiring griefs, the preamble to her now entering, and never ending pleasures.

O how

O how merciful a father thou art to left orphans! how easy a judge to repenting sinners! and how faithful a friend to sincere lovers! It is undoubtedly true, that thou never leavest those that love thee, and thou lovest such as rest their affiance in thee. They shall find thee liberal above desert, and bountiful beyond hope: a measure of thy gifts, not by their merits, but thine own mercy.

O christian soul! take MARY for thy mirror, follow her affection, that like effects may follow thine. Learn, o sinful man! of this once sinful woman, that sinners may find CHRIST, if their sins be amended. Learn that whom sin loseth, love recovereth, whom faintness of faith chaceth away, firmness of hope recalleth; and that
which

which no other mortal force, favour, or policy can compass, the continued tears of a constant love are able to attain. Learn of MARY, for CHRIST to fear no encounters, out of CHRIST to desire no comforts, and with the love of CHRIST to over-rule the love of all things. Rise early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleep in sloth, when diligence may perform them. Run with repentance to thy sinful heart, which should have been the temple, but through thy fault was no better than a tomb for CHRIST, since having in thee no life to feel him, he seemed unto thee, as if he had been dead. Roll away the stone of thy former hardness, remove all thy heavy loads that oppress thee in sin, and look into thy soul, whether thou canst there find the Lord. If he be not within thee, stand weeping without, and seek
N him

him in other creatures; since, being present in all, he may be found in any. Let faith be thine eye, hope thy guide, and love thy light. Seek him and not his: for himself, and not for his gifts. If thy faith have found him in a cloud, let thy hope seek to see him. If hope have led thee to see him, let love seek further into him. To move in thee a desire to find, his goods are precious; and when he is found, to keep thee in a desire to seek, his treasures are infinite. Absent, he must be sought to be had; being had, he must be sought to be more enjoyed. Seek him truly, and no other for him. Seek him purely, and no other thing with him. Seek him only, and nothing besides him. And if at the first search he appear not, think it not much to persevere in tears, and to continue thy seeking. Stand upon the earth, treading under thee

thee all earthly vanities, and touching them with no more than the soles of thy feet, that is, with the lowest and least part of thy affection. To look the better in the tomb, bow down thy neck to the yoke of humility, and stoop from lofty and proud conceits, that with humbled and lowly looks thou mayest find whom swelling and haughty thoughts have driven away. A submited soul soonest winneth his return, and the deeper it sinketh in a self-contempt, the higher it climbeth in his highest favours. And if thou perceivest in the tomb of thy heart the presence of his two first messengers; that is, at the feet sorrow for the bad that is past, and at the head desire to a better that is to come, entertain them with sighs, and welcome them with penitent tears: yet reckoning them but as harbingers of thy Lord, cease not thy seeking till thou findest himself.

And if he vouchsafe thee his glorious sight, offering himself to thy inward eyes, presume not of thyself to be able to know him, but as his unworthy suppliant prostrate thy petitions unto him, that thou mayest truly discern him, and faithfully serve him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, coming with speed, standing with high lifted hopes, and stooping with inclined heart, if with MARY thou cravest no other solace of JESUS but JESUS himself, he will answer thy tears with his presence, and assure thee of his presence with his own words, that having seen him thyself, thou mayest make him known to others, saying with MARY, *I have seen our Lord, and these things he said unto me.*

LAUS DEO.

UPON

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UPON THE
CRUCIFIXION
OF OUR
BLESSED SAVIOUR.

A Dialogue *between a Disciple and several
Messengers. In Blank Verse.*

Disciple.

TOO much already we have heard, and yet
Th' astonishment and horror in that face
Still threaten more. Before thou speak'st, we
know

His foes will execute their utmost rage:
But tell how the spectators were affected.

Messenger.

With different passions: some half dead with
grief,
Whilst others triumph'd in his sufferings.
Yet, though so various their commotions were,
'Twas strange to see how they supply'd each
other;

Laughter

Laughter excited tears, and tears caus'd laughter;
ter;

The tender sex, ev'n to distraction, griev'd :
One tears her hair ; another beats her breast :
Some sobbing ; some exclaiming ; and some silent
With meer astonishment. But, ah ! what tongue
Can speak the virgin-mother's agonies !

In her the grief of all the mourners met,
With more that were peculiarly her own :
Before the cross she stood, nor knew which way
To cast her eyes ; if down to earth she look'd,
There lay a deluge of her dear son's blood.
If upwards, there another crimson shower
Pour'd from his thorn-crown'd head, pierc'd
hands and feet.

And that which gave to both the painful'st wound,
His sacred body to the rabble's eyes
Expos'd. — While modesty with him was stript,
And suffer'd crucifixion too. —

What language can express the love and grief
Of such a parent, and for such a son ?

What language can express the grief and love
Of such a son, and for so blest'd a parent ?

His pangs rack'd her, and her's tormented him ;
And, oh ! if such an ocean of afflictions

Be

Be capable of more, that more was added;
 Derision to distress, mock'd, scoff'd, reproach'd
 By men of all degrees; priests, soldiers, slaves;
 Ev'n misery itself insulted him,
 The guilty partners of his unjust doom
 Upbraided him.

Disciple.

Say, how did he sustain
 These barbarous indignities?

Messenger.

With patience,
 Unparallel'd as were his injuries;
 At length some words he spoke, and those a pray'r,
 Pray'r for his murderers—"Forgive them, father,
 "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."
 O sir, to give his suff'rings by retail,
 Trac'd from Gethsemane to Golgotha,
 With the new scenes of sorrow acted there;
 Those waves of woe wou'd overwhelm us all.
 Content yourself to take them in the gross,
 'Till I recover breath for the particulars
 Of that dire tragedy. —

Dis-

The thorns, whips, nails, and sharper blasphemies

That pierc'd his tender body were forgot,
When sorrow's ocean rush'd into his soul :
And influence of paternal deity
Was quite withdrawn, witness his woeful cry,
" My God ! my God ! why hast thou me forsaken ? "

When hell's amazing horrors
Star'd in his face, and challeng'd the full payment

For the world's sins, to which he stood engag'd ;
Not only for the past from Adam's fall,
But for the guilt of all succeeding ages.
Justice had muster'd all in a large scrawl,
And spread it to his view : Oh ! such a sight
As only innocence could gaze upon :
For only at his eyes her own she shot,
Whilst rigid vengeance waited by her side,
To see them clear'd by tale, no single slip
Let pass without particular satisfaction :
Millions of torments crowded in each minute :
But pride usurp'd the first and fairest leaf ;
Then follow'd leering spight, fly slander next,
Lean avarice, with gnawing rust besmear'd ;
Ignoble

Ignoble cheating; fawning, smiling, fraud;
 With poisons, poignards, all the instruments
 Of death conceal'd; self-tort'ring tyranny,
 Jealous of her own shadow; solemn lying;
 Sin sat'ning fasts, audacious sacrilege
 Rotten hypocrisy, proud learned folly;
 Intemp'rance wallowing in a lake of filth,
 And murder bathing in a sea of blood:
 No peccadillo, nor gigantic crime,
 But there did marshal'd stand in dire array,
 And all on single suff'ring Jesus hurl'd.
 Mean time the avenues that might convey
 Relief to his afflicted heart cut off:
 No glimpse of hope, or heav'nly solace suffer'd
 To march that way.
 Thus in the furnace of his father's wrath,
 No wonder 'twas that he shou'd cry, "I thirst."
 But lo! to mock his mis'ry to the last,
 Instead of wine they reach him vinegar;
 And deeming that too mild, the soldier's spear
 Gores through his heart, and opens a wide gate
 For the remains of life to sally forth;
 Then with a dying voice (but such a voice
 That ev'n in death spoke his divinity)
 He cry'd, "'Tis finished. Father I commit

" My

"My spirit into thy hands." Then bow'd his
head,
And yielded up the ghost.

Disciple.

And what ensu'd?

Second Messenger.

Prodigious thunder echo'd his last groans;
The people run distracted through the gloom:
The prison doors of death are open set;
Inhabitants of graves and tombs come forth
To visit their old friends: the rocks dissolve;
And the more flinty breast of the centurion,
That ne'er 'till now compassion felt, or fear,
Submits to both: his late blaspheming tongue
Humbly recanting, owns the Suff'ring God.

Disciple.

See, how the rabble to the sacred dome,
Hurry, with greater haste than late they did
To Pilate's palace, or curst Calvary.

Third Messenger.

Not for devotion, but to gaze upon
' prodigy, that like our Moses' serpent,

Has

Has swallow'd up the rest;
Our temple's veil is rent, to pieces shatter'd;
And all the secrets of our holiest holy,
(So long to Jews and Gentiles venerable)
Expos'd to vulgar and unhallow'd eyes.

The

The Welcome Messenger. [Watts.]

I.

LORD! when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

III.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his Place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

IV.

JESUS, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

O

V. Oh

V.

Oh ! if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

VI.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

VII.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne. [Watts.]

I.

NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

II.

See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd ;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his Almighty Father's side.

III.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord! here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

VI.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

Converse

Converse with CHRIST. [Watts.]

I.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms ;
Their conversation cloy ;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff :
But I can ne'er enjoy enough (my joys.
Of thy best company, my Lord ! thou life of all

II.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue :
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel *December* cold, nor think the
darkness long.

III.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load !)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare
it all for me.

IV. Next

IV.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,
 Till I am drown'd in tears :
 Yet with the sympathetic smart
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart ;
 The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest
 balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
 How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
 And all the powers beneath :
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
 Attempts his triumphs in a song ; *(tory, death?*
How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's thy vic-

VI.

But when he shews his hands and heart,
 With those dear prints of dying smart,
 He sets my soul on fire :
 Not the beloved JOHN could rest
 With more delight upon that breast,
 Nor THOMAS pry into those wounds with more
 intense desire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
 And bids me pour my sorrow there,

And

And tell him all my pains :
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part, (head sustains.
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love :
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of AMIRA's hair ;
Thine arm, my God! are sweeter bands, nor can
my heart remove.

The

The disconsolate Shepherd.

I.

IN dead of night, when happy mortals take
Their calm repose, and wretches wake,
Stretch'd on a lonesome plain,
A melancholy swain
In thoughtful silence lay,
Till at the break of day
(For sympathizing night
True mourners love, and hate the light)
His swelling grief rush'd forth in this pathetic
strain.

II.

What though the circling sun
Has now his race begun,
The tempest chac'd away,
All round me blith and gay,
What comfort in his lustre can I find,
If yet no chearful glimps begin
A glorious morn within,
To calm the tempest of my troubled mind.

III.

III.

No joy to me his blessing brings,
 To clear my clouded skies;
 A brighter SUN must rise,
 The sun of righteousness, with healing on his
 Wings;
 Till then the tuneful birds on ev'ry tree.
 No music make for me:
 As soon could I rejoice
 At the night-raven's doleful voice,
 And be diverted with the bell
 That rings my dearest friend's untimely knell.

IV.

Were in my soul the weather fair,
 No stormy terrors there,
 The storm without wou'd make me sleep more
 sound;
 The tempests in my breast,
 Are they that break my rest,
 And all my peace confound;
 My suff'rings to redress,
 O SUN of righteousness!
 Thy gracious beams display;

For

For, though this lower sun
 Shou'd brighter shine than he has ever done,
 Without a beam of grace from thee,
 I never more shall see
 One comfortable day.

*To the Memory of ALPHONSO BROWN who
 died October the 14th, 1769, in the 13th
 Year of his Age.*

By Mrs. CHARLOTTE M^c CARTHY.

THE mournful muse in sacred pomp appears,
 Commands attention,—and demands your
 tears;

Bids MARY's sorrows rend each feeling breast,
 ALPHONSO's gone,—what need to tell the rest.
 Hark!—why that doleful sound?—why tolls
 that bell?

It is ALPHONSO's sad departing knell!
 Now worth immortal skims the lucid way,
 And ends her flight in realms of endless day.
 Beauty, good sense, with every virtue join'd,
 A perfect body,—and more perfect mind;
 Taught by his GOD, he taught mankind his ways,
 And fix'd his glory in his maker's praise.

A stranger

A stranger here,—but for a time sojourn'd,
Despis'd the world,—and then to heav'n re-
turn'd ;

Where saints salute him with an holy kiss,
And bid him welcome to eternal bliss.

The race is run,—ALPHONSO's safe from harms,
He rests with MARY in her master's arms ;
Cease,—cease my friends,—your causeless griefs
remove,

Angels rejoice,—and all is gay above.



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